JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 6. | SATURDAY, JULY 14th, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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No. 6. Saturday, July 14th, 1906. One Penny.

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JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 7.

Because, after the House of Commons debate on his conduct, he still remains on the Bench,

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM,
TAKES THE BISCUIT

and may he enjoy it—in retirement.

AWARD NO. 8.

The following paragraph taken from *Daily Mirror* of 4th inst. refers to the Salisbury Railway Smash:—

> One person who joined heroically in the work of rescue was afterwards refused a glass of brandy and water at the refreshment-rooms on the ground that he was not a bona-fide traveller.

We have therefore decided that

THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM ATTENDANT
in question,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

It will be a very dry Abernethy one, and is to be eaten only on Sunday, when the refreshment rooms are closed.

AWARD NO. 9.

Because, in writing to Mr. Bankole Bright, a negro, living in Edinburgh, he expresses a hope that Great Britain will be beaten in Natal and the enemy prove victorious,

MR. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

in the shape of a Spratt's Dog Cake.

AWARD NO. 10.

Because she defeated Miss Sutton at Wimbledon,

MISS D. K. DOUGLASS
TAKES THE BISCUIT;

and we trust that she may long retain the title of Lady Tennis Champion.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

Somebody is always breaking records of one kind or another. The latest genius in this direction is a Chepstow tailor, who is stated to have delivered a pair of what Marie Antoinette always called "indefensibles" eighty-five minutes after the material was chosen. Though undoubtedly this is one of the greater achievements of life, it can hardly be regarded as a healthy sign. It looks as if the whole staff had been waiting for a job, and was turned on to it as soon as it arrived.

Father Bernard Vaughan lacks the optimism of Browning and some few others of us who are not yet poets. He says that if anybody made him a present of the terrestrial planet, he would reply, "Wrap it up carefully and kick it into space. I want a better world than this." But the world is not at all a bad sort of place to live in, and, in the present state of theological knowledge, it is certainly a risky sort of place to get out of. In the world one does know where he is, but out of it one never knows where he will go to till he gets there. We recall that the Earl of Rochester, friend and boon companion of a "Merrie monarch, scandalous and poor," had his views of the world also. Said he:

> It's a very good world to live in,
> To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
> But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
> It's the very worst world that ever was known.

The fact of a gentleman being entrusted with a cure of souls does not relieve him from the common obligation of keeping a civil tongue, and when we find the Vicar of Frome describing the undenominationalism of the Education Bill as "the last invention of hell," we are tempted to wonder whether his knowledge of inventions in that sphere of labour is equal to his pretensions. Our personal objection to the Bill is that it has nothing whatever to do with education; and in the fight over it we seem to hear nothing except the echo of that old far-off cry, "See how these Christians love one another."

It is a matter for public congratulation that the London County Council have decided to seek Parliamentary powers for protection of the London milk supply from uncleanness and defilement. From the cow to the consumer milk is an ever-flowing river of disease and dirt. It has been calculated that two per cent. of the four million milch cows in this country suffer from tuberculous udders, which means that thirty-two million gallons of tuberculous milk are consumed in the land every year. Of this, depend on it, London gets the largest share.

Take as a commentary on this fact that many thousands of human lives are sacrificed in England every year to consumption alone, and a grave case is made out, on suspicion, for the most rigorous regulations for inspection, and, in necessary cases, of prohibition. But the communication of tuberculous disease to the consumer through the milk supply is no longer a matter of suspicion. It is a matter of experimental proof; and Koch stands almost alone in his denial. Not only tuberculosis, but other diseases as well are directly traceable to the uncleanly and careless habits of the milkers, and the contamination of the milk by impure water used in washing out the vessels. There never was, indeed, a plainer case for stringent regulation, and we hope that when the County Council's Bill comes before Parliament it will receive the support of every member who is alive to the imperative necessity of keeping the foods of the people clean and wholesome.

Penny postage with America is no doubt a consummation to be wished, but if it be true, as Mr. Asquith told the Henniker-Heaton deputation, that it will cost £100,000, we are not surprised that he shied a bit. It is true that Mr. Henniker Heaton's estimate was only £25,000, but, then, he is not a Post Office accountant. Until the Chancellor of the Exchequer, therefore, has £100,000 to spare, American Penny Postage will have to wait, and even when he has, we think we shall be able to indicate to him a more pressing object for the exercise of his financial humanities.

It is a matter for national regret that Miss Billington has declined, with scorn and contumely, the handsome offer of a "turn" on the programme at one of the music halls. A lecture, for instance, on "Why I could not pull Mr. Asquith's hair," would have been highly popular. Better still, she could have turned her experiences into ballads, and have had them set to music. Then she could have lured on the gallery to a rousing chorus, while she waved a red flag and tripped the light fantastic toe. She has missed a splendid opportunity.

One of the famous epigrams of a gifted, brilliant author and playwright, who shipwrecked his life on dark seas, said that every saint had his past, and every sinner his future. Apparently Mr. John Burns has more pasts than one, for Canon Edwards reveals, and takes pride in the revelation, that he has given more Bible lessons to Mr. Burns than to anybody else. Regretfully, Canon Edwards adds that he wishes they had done the right hon. gentleman more good. But Canon Edwards should not repine. It has long been a matter of wonder where and how Mr. Burns acquired the spiritual charm and deep religious fervour which distinguish his character and adorn his orations. Now that Canon Edwards has spoken, we know, and are touched to tears. Meanwhile Mr. Burns works like a nigger and earns his salary like a man who understands his job; and as his hair grows whiter we shall love him more.

Little has been said lately of the Regent Street scandal, and it will be well to await the tardy opening of the Commission of Inquiry before further comment. Meanwhile, however, ladies who have occasion to be in the West End alone after nightfall may be glad to note that Mr. Plowden is now attending at the Marlborough Street Police Court.

Apropos of Mr. Plowden, he has much to answer for. His "Plowdenisms," exhibiting the spontaneous humour with which a man of genius illuminates his practical remarks, are welcome as flowers in May. But his example has given a regrettable impetus to the practice of jesting on the Bench. Even Mr. Plowden sometimes errs in this direction. In response to a light sally of his the other day, a young lady aptly retorted that unfortunately her serious interest in her case prevented her appreciating its humorous side. But Mr. Plowden at his worst is more considerate than his imitators at their best. What must be the feelings of the litigants who have to appear in the courts of Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Grantham?

The resignation of Mr. Carvell Williams, whose name for more than a generation has been so closely identified with the Liberation Society, brings to mind many a forgotten controversy. Society should be grateful to him, for it was chiefly through his exertions that the time at which a marriage can be performed was extended beyond the canonical hours. He thus bestowed upon fashionable churchfolk what they unconsciously required. Middle-class and working-class people continue to be married in the morning; but the upper ten have largely availed themselves of the measure in which they reluctantly acquiesced. It would be even more convenient for them had Mr. Williams carried his original proposition. He wanted to extend the time to four p.m., but the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) interposed, and succeeded in securing the earlier hour of three p.m., on the ground that this was the latest which could be fixed without danger of one or both the contracting parties arriving drunk.

Another reform, which owed much to the exertions of Mr. Williams, was the famous Burial Bill. Immediately after the Bill became law, the death occurred of a wealthy and influential dissenter, resident in a large Cornish parish. Notice for the conduct of the burial by a Nonconformist minister in the parish churchyard was at once sent in. On the evening before the funeral, however, a messenger arrived, and begged the Rector to take it. A dispute had arisen as to which sect could claim the deceased. Every Nonconformist minister in the place wanted to bury him, and the only means of securing peace was by calling in the Rector.

Discussion of the Conservative Education Act of 1902 has proceeded in the Law Courts coincidently with discussion of the Liberal Education Bill in the House of Commons. Mr. Justice Darling's irrelevant joke was happier than usual. He considered Mr. Danckwerts' argument that the Yorkshire West Riding County Council was entitled to a rebate for time occupied by religious instruction from salaries of teachers in non-provided schools "too good to be true." Frankly partisan, he wished he could decide for it, and thus cut the ground from under the feet of the late passive resisters. But the Liberal Attorney-General won the day, and the West Riding County Council must pay for religious teaching in non-provided schools.

How far should a man let himself go in "talking pretty" to the audience he happens to be addressing? Mr. Lloyd George nearly beat the record in flattery of

his hosts at the bazaar in aid of the Parker Memorial Chapel. He compared Westminster Abbey as a show place unfavourably to the City and Metropolitan Temples. He said that, if as a boy anyone had promised him that he should preside at such a meeting, he should have been prouder than if he had been told that he might become a Minister of the Crown.

There is, of course, no accounting for juvenile taste. Are not there many boys who would spurn the Premiership for the mere chance of attaining to the distinction of a University "Blue"? Let us, however, hope that advancing years have endowed Mr. Lloyd George with a truer sense of proportion than he possessed in his amiable youth.

Some people are disposed to resent the Thanksgiving services for the escape of the King and Queen of Spain from the consequences of the bomb outrage, by which so many of their subjects suffered, at the Roman Cathedrals of Westminster and Southwark. At the time of the Spanish marriage the *Times* warned the authorities at Westminster against flaunting their new connection with English royalty. Alarm is unnecessary. Any religion which can thank the God of its worship for the infliction of gratuitous pain and disaster upon innocent and unoffending persons, must, in the long run, alienate rather than attract rational support.

A little over-praise may be no great harm, but if anybody takes it upon himself to scold, it is well that he should be strictly accurate. In the course of a somewhat gloomy article in the current number of the *Rapid Review* on the declension of Great Britain, by Mr. G. F. C. Masterman, M.P., this young politician remarks: "We stud our cities with free libraries presented by the admirable Mr. Carnegie, and the libraries are used in the main for the perusal of sporting papers." This is incorrect so far as the Metropolitan free libraries are concerned, for the simple reason that the sporting papers are not taken in. Mr. Masterman had better read the Reflections of a Loafer appearing on another page of this issue.

Our letter last week to Lord Northcliffe has brought quite a shoal of extracts from the "Home" and "Sunday" and "Children's" journals of the Amalgamated Press. Here is just one of them—from *Home Chat* of June 30th:—

VISITOR: "So that is the mamma doll, is it, Kitty? Then I suppose the one over there is the papa doll?"

KITTY: "Oh, no, that is only a friend. The papa doll is in the city, working hard, getting money for the mamma doll and the babies."

Mr. Justice Lawrance (whose retirement is imminent) has just sent some men to prison for six months, with the promise of "penal servitude next time," for "rioting and wilful damage" in their endeavour to assert certain alleged public rights of common near Cheltenham. What a lucky thing it must have been for Sir William Grantham that *he* was not brought before Brother Lawrance for leading that "riot" down in Sussex and forcibly asserting an alleged right of way in his native village! What tears would have been shed! But these men must come out of prison at once. See to it, Mr. local M.P.

For speaking of the "Royal Commission on Disorders in the Church" the Bishop of Birmingham has been reproved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who says, "It is a colloquial term used by a few people, and gets in the papers and gives a wrong impression." The *Daily News* hopes his Grace will remember the things which have been said by Bishops, priests, and deacons about the Education Bill. They too, says the *D.N.*, "are colloquial terms used by a few people, and get into the papers and give a wrong impression." We are under the impression that the "colloquial terms" used by the great majority of the people about the Education Bill unfortunately do *not* get into the papers. Even the Harmsworth papers would hesitate to print them.

Last week Mr. Justice Bigham sentenced James Cook, of the Peculiar People, to nine months' hard labour for relying upon spiritual aid to cure his two children. This week Mr. Justice Bigham had before him a qualified medical man, who, being a Christian Scientist, had similarly relied on spiritual aid. In each case the treatment failed, and in both cases the medical evidence in favour of ordinary physical remedies was convincing. In the Christian Science case, however, the Judge leaned to the side of the defendant, and the jury disagreed. The prosecution desire a second trial, but the dissuasive remarks of the Judge are so strong that it seems doubtful whether Mr. Adcock will be tried again. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the Christian Scientists are a wealthy and fashionable body, while the Peculiar People, whose tenets seem much the same as their co-religionists, are derived exclusively from a poor and humble class. It looks like Mrs. Penruddock over again.

Certain clergymen have been complaining that the harmony of their services has been interfered with by the cries of newsvendors and others engaged in street trading. But does it ever occur to them that the clanging of church bells from eight o'clock in the morning, especially in populous districts, constitutes an irritating nuisance to a large section of the population which does not attend church service? Apropos of this, we recall the following humorous, if slightly blasphemous, lines:

The Rector walked to Church one Sunday morn,
The Sabbath bells pealed out in strident tones—
Treating the holy day with open scorn,
He saw an old man sitting—cracking stones.
"Hark! don't you hear the sacred call to prayer?"
He said; the Sabbath breaker grunted, "Eh!"
And when re-questioned, with a stupid stare,
No other answer made than "What d'ye say?"

And when his loudest voice the parson tried,
Shouting the question with stentorian yells,
The sinner shook his hoary head and cried,
"I can't hear nought, *because of them damned bells.*"

The *News of the World* states that a Mr. Cooper, of Stratford, has won £250 by being the lucky possessor of a certain numbered card or ticket, and adds that a cheque for this amount has been forwarded to him, and that he will be happy to "show it to any curious persons as a proof of the genuineness of the scheme." So it is not only a case of keeping your tickets, but also your cheques, when you get them. We must confess that had we been the lucky recipient of this bankers' draft, we should have preferred presenting it for payment.

Mr. Birrell's delightful but ambiguous reference to Mr. Healy, that "nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see the hon. and learned gentleman in another place," which evoked a spontaneous burst of merriment in the "religious atmosphere" of the House, recalls the famous verse of Colonel John Hay:—

"Go, ask papa," the maiden said.
He, knowing that papa was dead,
And knowing, too, the life he led,
He understood her when she said
"Go ask papa."

No time should be lost in amending the law which allows five shillings to a man who hooks up a dead body from the river and only half-a-crown if the drowning person is still alive. It is not pleasant to think that if we should accidentally tumble into the Thames it will pay the passing Bill Sykes better to "wait a bit" before fishing us out—or to give us a finishing touch on the crown of our head, for the sake of a silver crown of the realm.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

Mr. Justice Grantham.

After the debate in the Commons there is but one possible course for Mr. Justice Grantham to adopt—he must go. His best supporters could do no more for him than excuse his "folly" and his "indiscretions." Follies and indiscretions, in a Judge, when they become chronic, bring him well within the definition of "incapacity," which all constitutional authorities agree justifies his removal from the Bench. But when the Prime Minister of the day speaks of him as "an intemperate partisan," and the Attorney-General condemns his "grave error of judgment" in discussing at a public banquet a judicial proceeding, then *sub judice*, and over which he was himself presiding—well, there is, as we say, but one course open, and that is immediate retirement. As Mr. William Redmond, with his ready Irish wit, suggested—let him be made a peer! He is useless for any other purpose now. His continuance on the Bench will amount to a political scandal of the very first order.

County Courts and their Jurisdiction.

In our issue of the 30th of June we said that "the jurisdiction of the county courts has been much enlarged." A correspondent sends us a very interesting letter in comment upon this observation, which, he contends, must be taken with large qualification. We, of course, had in mind the County Courts Act 1903, which came into operation on January 1, 1905. This Act assumed to give all the county courts an extension of jurisdiction in most common law claims to £100, the previous limit being £50; that is to say, the Act conferred on the county courts (as to such claims between £50 and £100) concurrent jurisdiction with the King's Bench Division. It was believed that this enlargement of jurisdiction, though not inclusive, would in a very short time effect an immense change in our judicial system, and the opinion was well founded. The latest Civil Judicial Statistics (1904) show that no less than 69 per cent. of the cases heard in the King's Bench Division are in respect of claims not exceeding £100 (vide page 23), and if these, or most of them, had been transferred to the county courts the relief to the High Court would have been great and immediate. Unfortunately, as our correspondent contends, this Act, so long fought for and so urgently wanted, has been practically nullified by an Order in Council dated December 12, 1904, which took effect on the same day the Act came—or was supposed to have come—into force.

By this Order no less than 166 out of the total number of 216 county courts have been deprived of the power of hearing cases under the Act. How many members of the present Parliament realise that astounding fact, or know anything about the Order in Council which has made an Act of Parliament little better than waste paper? Our correspondent says that some time ago he applied to the King's printers for a copy of the Order, but was told by them that copies are not printed for publication! Consider what that means. Parliament decrees that 216 courts of justice shall exercise certain powers; those powers are of great moment to the community, enabling it, by short and summary process, to settle much of its litigation, but the Government of the day, (or certain members of it) does not like the Act, and so nullifies it to a large extent by issuing an Order in Council which excludes 166 courts out of 216 from its jurisdiction, does not specify which these courts are to be, and is a secret document not obtainable by the public! The Order purports to have been made under section 5 of the Act which nobody who has read it twice has understood, and none who has read it three times has ever had the faintest hope of ever being able to understand.

As a result of the disorder occasioned by the Order, suitors and their witnesses have to travel great distances, so that the county court gives but little advantage to them over the High Court. For example, suitors residing in Congelton and Sandbach (population 35,000) have to travel, with their witnesses, at least once to the Stockport Court, 22 miles off; those of Mansfield (population 21,000), 17 miles; those of Chesterfield (population 27,000), 16 miles; those of Newport (population 68,000), 29 miles; those of Lewes and Eastbourne (population 50,000), 24 miles, etc., etc. When the "Halsbury Express" arrives too late for the hearing a second, and sometimes third, journey has to be made.

If the Act had been allowed full scope it would have effected an excellent reform. Not only would it have been of great use to litigants, it would have swept away the arrears in the King's Bench Division of the High Court, and put an end to the lawyers' cry for more judges. The business of the Frobate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court with regard to judicial separation decrees has gone almost wholly over to the magistrates' courts now the magistrates have been given concurrent jurisdiction in such matters, even though they can only make in such cases orders for maintenance not exceeding £2 a week, and in case the ground of the application for judicial separation is cruelty, persistent cruelty has to be shown, while in the Divorce Division cruelty alone is sufficient to entitle the applicant to an order. The following figures relating to judicial separation orders, taken from page 28 of the Civil Judicial Statistics for 1904, show what a vast benefit arises to the public when concurrent jurisdiction is conferred on the local courts.

	Number of Decrees for Judicial Separation made by the High Court.	Number of Separation Orders made by the Magistrates.
1895	27	1,035
1896	44	5,399
1897	27	5,550
1898	24	5,949
1899	34	6,533
1900	19	6,661
1901	27	7,330
1902	29	7,477
1903	18	7,292
1904	22	7,763

What is the lesson to be learned from these figures? Surely they shout to us, "Decentralisation, Decentralisation!" Why, then, are extraordinary efforts made, and subtle contrivances resorted to for preserving the concentration of the administration of justice at the Strand? Our correspondent gives two reasons. First, if the business is distributed over the provinces the bar must disperse. Instead of being concentrated in London it will be distributed over the provinces, and its strength in the House of Commons will be diminished. Secondly, the law agency system, for which the Law Society in Chancery Lane exists. will be gone, and the county solicitors will no longer have to employ an agent even in Chancery matters. Hence decentralisation has immense forces to contend against. Is it too much to hope that the Lord Chancellor—a man sincerely anxious to signalise his tenure of the Chancellorship by beneficent change—will have the strength to insist upon decentralisation? He has at his call a force greater than any of his predecessors—a democratic House of Commons, bent upon radical reform, and little trammelled by precedent. What will he do with it? He has a great opportunity. Let us hope that he will take occasion by the hand and work with might and main to give the county courts that extension of jurisdiction which the needs of the community demand.

The Law and the Landlord.

The case of Cavalier v. Pope is the latest illustration afforded by the highest court of the realm of the way in which British law favours the landlord. In this case the House of Lords had to decide whether the wife of a weekly tenant can recover damages against the landlord for injuries caused by the defective state of a floor, which his agent promised to repair in order to induce the husband to remain in occupation. They held that under such circumstances damages are not recoverable. A landlord who lets an unfurnished house in a dangerous state is not liable to a person using the premises—nor, apart from contract, even to his tenant—for personal injuries due to its defective condition, and the tenant's wife, between whom and the landlord there was no contract, could not, said the House of Lords, be in a better position to recover damages than a customer or guest. In every direction the law protects the landlord against the tenant. For example, in the absence of express agreement, the landlord is under no obligation whatever to repair the house, although its state may be such that the tenant can have no beneficial occupation of it, and even if it should fall and destroy the furniture in it the landord will not only be irresponsible for the damage thus sustained by the occupier, but will be entitled—while the house is down, and whether he rebuilds it or not—to insist on being paid his rent to the end of the term if there is a lease; or, if there is not, until the tenancy is determined by a proper notice to quit. Is it possible to conceive any condi-

tions more one-sided or unfair? But it is on a par with much else in the relations of landlord and tenant, notably the powers given to the landlord for the collection of rent. Why should the landlord be given rights of entry and seizure accorded to no other creditor? The baker has to apply to the courts before he can recover, why not the landlord? Bread is as necessary to life as shelter. Of course, the answer is that the laws relating to landlord and tenant were framed in days when pretty well every man in Parliament and out of it who influenced legislation was a landlord, and that the law of landlord and tenant in England remains practically unaltered is eloquent proof of the small distance we have as yet travelled upon the road of reform when it takes the direction of putting the relations of landlord and tenant upon a more equitable basis.

Solicitors as J.P.'s.

A clause in the Justices of the Peace (No. 2) Bill, which has already passed the House of Commons, makes a concession to solicitors for which they have long worked. It removes their disqualification as county justices. Before 1871 solicitors were absolutely disqualified from appointment as county justices. In that year the disqualification was in part removed, but a solicitor continued to be disqualified for appointment as a county justice if he practised in the county. The hardship became more apparent when the Local Government Act 1894 made chairmen of district councils county justices by virtue of their office if not otherwise disqualified. The London Government Act 1899 removed the disqualification of solicitors elected mayors of London boroughs. Such mayors are, by virtue of their office, justices for the County of London, but they are not allowed to practise before the County Bench. So with the present bill; under it solicitors might be appointed county justices, but they would be precluded from practising before the County or Borough Bench —a necessary limitation.

A Cynical Lawyer.

Presiding at the meeting of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, Mr. Hawksley told a story of Sir Henry James that will bear repeating. During the time when, now some thirty years ago, Sir Henry James was Attorney-General, he seems to have occupied the chair of the Association upon an occasion when the question of funds was being considered. The Solicitors' Benevolent Association, like many other excellent bodies, would like a larger revenue than it commands, Sir Henry James advised it to expend its capital and to run into debt, because a society which was in debt could always get funds. Mr. Hawksley's sensitive conscience appears to have been greatly disturbed by this cynical advice. "He would say nothing," he told the Association, "about the morality of the suggestion of the Attorney-General of the day—as Sir Henry James was at the time—but the Association had never gone upon that principle." And we are quite sure it never would while Mr. Hawksley—the friend and confident of Mr. Rhodes—had anything to do with it. None the less, it was shrewd advice in its way.

The Circuit System.

A correspondent who does not wish us to mention his name is good enough to point out two mistakes upon this page in our issue of June 30, under the heading of "The Circuit System. Lord Russell of Killowen is quoted as saying that he sat at "Ruthven" and at "Rhyl." The former should, of course, have been "Ruthin." The latter is an incomprehensible blunder in quotation. No assizes are ever held at Rhyl, Mold being the assize town for Flintshire, and Mold being the place named in the "Life." We are obliged to our correspondent.

LEGAL INQUIRIES.

JONES (Swansea).—The question you ask is a very difficult one to answer. The point has never yet been decided. It does not always pay to settle the law for others at one's own cost.

VERNON (Plymouth).—The law in the Channel Islands is different to our own. You should instruct a local advocate.

MCG. (Ross).—We can see no misstatement in the papers you have sent us, that you can rely on. If you have others let us have them.

LOCKTON (Reigate).—Municipal elections are held on November 1 annually.

KITSON (Brighton).—The Court of Appeal recently decided that, in such a case as you state, the rent is suspended until the reopening.

J. S. (Morpeth).—You must obey the judgment summons served on you, or you may be committed for contempt.

THE TRUTH ABOUT EGYPT.

It is not surprising that Sir Edward Grey's statement in regard to the condition of Egypt impressed the House of Commons, and has been widely commented upon in the country. Alike in manner and in matter the speech was disquieting. The Foreign Secretary implied more than he stated, but he allowed himself to say, "We may be on the eve of further measures necessary to protect Europeans in Egypt." We can see no good purpose to be served by veiling the truth, and we propose to state it. Egypt is seething with disaffection. So much Sir Edward Grey admitted. He did not say what is equally true, that the native army is not to be relied upon, or that some eight or nine lieutenants and captains have already been cashiered. So far as the Soudanese regiments are concerned, it is believed they can be depended upon; it is the fellaheen regiments which are on the brink of mutiny. The Senoussi movement is at the bottom of it. It has been fomented by the Sultan, bitterly incensed at the Anglo-French agreement, which, as he thinks, has riveted the British occupation, and he has been egged on by Germany, always ready to do England an ill turn. Arms have been brought into Egypt from Turkey, and Turkish officers have found their way to Egypt in considerable numbers. It may be said that the British army of occupation can crush any revolt as it crushed it a quarter of a century ago. No doubt it would be crushed sooner or later, but the outlook is causing considerable uneasiness in Pall Mall. It is pointed out that whilst Arabi's army was little better than a mob of fellaheen, these fellaheen have since been converted into capable soldiers. With no fight in them in Hicks' time, at Omdurman they faced and repelled the Mahdi's army. Thanks to Wood, and Kitchener, and Grenfell, they have become passable soldiers, and there is a large number of these men who have gone through the ranks, and are ripe for rebellion. Herein lies the seriousness of the situation. A goodly number of the population of Egypt have passed through the army since it became a capable fighting machine. The present strength of the British army of occupation in Egypt is about 4,500 men. The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, is a very capable officer, but it is understood that if large reinforcements are sent out—and it may well happen they will have to be sent—the command will be offered to Lord Grenfell, who has been over from Ireland discussing the situation with the Army authorities. The Egyptian Army has been recently reduced, its present strength being about 14 battalions, each 900 strong. There are only two British officers attached to each native battalion, holding rank corresponding to that of Lieut.-Colonel and Major. All the rest are native officers, eight captains and sixteen subalterns to each battalion. In addition there is a Camel Corps, and there are five batteries of artillery. The one regiment of British cavalry now in Egypt, the 20th Hussars, is under orders to leave, but it may be expected that these orders will be countermanded.

The recent lamentable occurrence which resulted in the death of a British officer, and the execution of five Egyptians, is peculiarly unfortunate, and to be regretted for many reasons. The pigeon is regarded as sacred in Egypt, but by paying backsheesh the headman of a village is induced to differentiate between holy and common pigeons. Even in normal times this juggling might well lead to friction between natives and British; at a time like the present it invited disaster. Nor can it be said that the officers concerned were equal to the emergency for which they were responsible. The incident has added to the difficulties with which the rulers of Egypt have to reckon. It may be that the unrest will pass without an outbreak. It is much to be hoped it will do so, but for the moment informed opinion is by no means hopeful.

NEXT WEEK

"John Bull" will address an OPEN LETTER to

THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

The Impending Debacle—And How to Profit by It.

We ventured to foreshadow in our first number that, unless the heads of the Kaffir section of the stock markets bestirred themselves and infused some animation into the Circus, a panic, far-reaching in its effect, would assuredly supervene. Our advice has remained unheeded, and the result has been a further shrinkage in quotations, and a débacle throughout all markets.

We do not claim that the present disastrous state of affairs is wholly due to the apathy of the Kaffir houses. Unfortunately, the cry "Natal for the Black man" has now been widened to "Africa for the African Blacks," with the result that the native rebellion, which started as a local disturbance in Natal, is now spreading into the Transvaal, and threatens to invade the neighbouring colonies as well. Then we have the Egyptian troubles, about which Sir Edward Grey sounded such timely warning last week, and the bearings of which do not appear as yet to be generally understood. In these connections we should wish to say that JOHN BULL deprecates most severely the unpatriotic utterances of which some Members of Parliament have delivered themselves, and which cannot fail to stiffen the backs of those who are now trying conclusions with our armed forces. JOHN BULL has no politics at variance with those of every true-hearted Englishman when the prestige of Great Britain is at stake, and we deplore most sincerely that there are to be found in our midst subjects of the King who think it right to publicly side with his declared and avowed enemies. Their uttterances will only serve to prolong the troubles with which we are faced, at the moment, and the chief of which we have just indicated.

But there are also other forces making for a disastrous panic in the Money Market. The Yankee situation is by no means strong; one cannot cry "stinking fish" about every one of a country's institutions and commerce without doing them an imemnse amount of harm; and the fall in price of American securities points to a speedy fulfilment of our prophecy. Then there is the probable rupture of our friendly relations with Belgium over the Congo administration; for it appears that we are but awaiting the support of one great Power to make matters very unpleasant in that quarter. The internal troubles to which Russia is still subjected also point to a smouldering fire, which may burst into a conflagration at any moment, and, most probably, will have an effect upon a bearish market that will send it headlong to perdition in double-quick time.

Minor causes, the cumulative effect of which cannot fail to augment the snowball as it careers down-hill, are, first, the everlasting coolie agitation in the Transvaal, both—if we are to believe what has been told us on good authority—from within and—as has been the case here since Lord Milner's régime there—from without; and, secondly, that the summer holidays are upon us. After so trying a time as we have all had, those who in other circumstances might feel an inducement to remain in the City and see things through, will assuredly take the first opportunity that presents itself to turn their backs on the markets, and allow the worst to happen whilst they stand from under.

We have endeavoured to find a solitary "bull" point with which we might comfort those of our readers who are holders of stocks and shares at the moment, but in vain. We regard the present conditions of the market as absolutely hopeless for an early improvement, and can but trust that none of our friends are heavily committed as "bulls." Those who have "a clean book" should, in our opinion, exercise a little patience, and keep their capital ready for investment after the inevitable panic has fairly set in. As we have intimated, JOHN BULL is prepared to give his readers the benefit of a life-long experience in the City, and to assist them, when he considers the psychological moment has arrived, to lay out their money profitably.

Selati Railway Bonds—a Strange Decision.

We presume that the Government will be questioned in Parliament as to the decision of the Transvaal Government with regard to the redemption of the Northern Railway of the Transvaal Four Per Cent. bonds at 96 per cent. of their par value. On the face of it the reduction is indefensible, and yet it is fair to assume, whilst it remains possible to do so, that the Transvaal Government would not suggest, and that the Imperial Government would not approve, an arrangement which, as matters stand, has the appearance of bad faith. The history of the Selati Railway is an unsavoury one. It was born in fraud, and the contractors forfeited privileges conferred by the Boer Government through failure to fulfil their contracts. But these things do not affect the holders of the bonds, and this is distinctly admitted by the Commissioners sent out by the Balfour Government after the war to inquire into railway matters. This Committee, the Transvaal Concessions Committee, was composed of Mr. Lyttelton, K.C., Mr. A. M. Ashmore, C.M.G., and Mr. Kelsey Loveday; they went into the whole matter very carefully, and this is the conclusion they arrived at after exhaustive inquiry with regard to the bonds in question:—

> "No suggestion was made before us that the holders of "debenture bonds were in any way cognisant of the frauds "perpetrated in connection with the origin of the concessions and the formation of the company, and they hold "an instrument by which the late Government 'guarantees and renders itself responsible for the payment of the "capital and the regular payment of interest' to the holder. "The Special Commissioner of the late Government, duly "authorised to that effect, countersigned the bond, and "before the first issue was made wrote to the representative "of the issuing house that the guarantee of the Government was 'independent of any default of the company in "performing the terms of the concession,' a statement "which he repeated in writing before the second issue.
>
> "Under these circumstances it appears to us that the "bondholders hold duly-acquired and valid obligations of "the Government of the late South African Republics, and "though it may be well to repeat that there can be no duty "on the new Government to place the debenture-holders in "a better position than they held under the late Government before the outbreak of the war, we are compelled "to recommend them, subject to this reservation, to the "favourable consideration of His Majesty's Government."

That was written nearly five years ago, and the late Government gave no hint that it took a different view; yet now it is announced that the bonds are to be redeemed, not as equity requires at par, but at 96. It cannot even be pleaded—contemptible as the plea would be—that the bonds are held, or mostly held, by foreigners. They are, in fact, practically all held by British investors. The decision as it stands is inexplicable.

Sir R. Littler, K.C., in Portugal.

The *Diario de Noticias* of Lisbon gave recently a rather lengthy report of a visit paid by Sir Ralph Littler, K.C., on behalf of an English syndicate. Sir Ralph made speeches and tasted rare vintage ports. He explained that his visit was in connection with a future Company—a kind of Anglo-Portuguese Produce Company, and the establishment of a regular line of steamers to bring over fruit, wines, and other produce. He mentioned even the possibility of importing Portuguese pork! Sir Ralph had interviews with the Lisbon authorities, and discussed matters, giving them to understand that he represented a large amount of capital. The Press gave eulogistic notices of Sir Ralph and his scheme.

Had Sir Ralph Littler's visit to Lisbon anything to do with the Company formed to deal with certain options, or concessions, formerly held by Mr. Thomas Sutherst? If we remember rightly, Sir Ralph was sent over last year by the shareholders to investigate matters. Mr. Sutherst's Lisbon partner in various schemes is, or was, the Visoonde da Ribeira Brava, and one of the Ribeira Brava-Sutherst schemes was the registration in Guernsey—some time ago—of the

Usagre Quicksilver Mines. It seems that Senor Mattos, a wealthy Lisbon capitalist, financed the business, with results not very satisfactory to himself.

Spiers and Pond—A Discouraging Outlook.

The report of Spiers and Pond, Ltd., fully confirms JOHN BULL's forecast of it. It is a disheartening record, nor does there seem to be any ground for hope that under its present management the Company will ever recover the position it has lost. It looks indeed as if it is hastening to Carey Street. Upon the turn-over of £1,347,326, it made last year a net profit of £5,190 only; the holders of the £600,000 ordinary capital have again to go without any dividend, and the preference shareholders have to be content with a dividend of 1¼ per cent. instead of the 5 per cent. which is their due. Nothing has been placed to reserve, and the carry forward is £2,791, as against £12,778 in 1905. With a share capital of £1,200,000, and mortgages for upwards of a million, the outlook is anything but pleasant. The explanation given by the directors of the dwindling profits is much what it was last year, and about as wide of the truth. Here it is:—

"The directors regret the result of the year's trading. "The business of the company was greatly affected by the "ever-growing competition, the increase in rents, rates "and taxes, and the very serious depression in trade gene- "rally, and consequent decrease in sales of wines and other "articles of luxury."

But competition is not keener, rent and rates are not higher, depression does not affect Spiers and Pond more than other companies of the same character, which are highly prosperous. The true explanation of the decline has little relation to that put forward by the directors. That explanation is to be found in the abuse of a monopoly, and foolish attempts to mend the mismanagement. It might have been impossible for Spiers and Pond to maintain the monopoly they enjoyed for so many years, but they might at least have tried to keep it by recognising the growing wants of the public. Instead, they acted as if it must last for ever and they had nothing to fear from the just dissatisfaction of their customers. When they found they were going down hill, instead of giving the public better value for their money, they spent an immense capital in building and equipping seaside hotels, a risky business at best. One cannot ascertain the actual results of the working of these hotels, for the figures given of the year's turn-over are lumped altogether, but it is admitted that the hotels do not yet earn the full interest of the new capital raised to run them, and they are more likely to get the Company deeper into the mire than to restore it to anything like its old prosperity. If the shareholders are wise, they will make a clean sweep of the present board, and the only satisfactory sentence in the report is that which says that the chairman and managing directors, "who "are under contracts having unexpired terms, have "placed the question as to the continuance of their "offices in the hands of the committee."

Allsopps.

The adverse report of the Chairman of the Advisory Committee appointed to inquire into the affairs of Samuel Allsopps and Sons, Ltd., though not endorsed by the majority of the Committee, should put an end to the amalgamation scheme. The objections to it, which were sufficiently obvious, and were indicated on this page when its details became known, are put very lucidly by Mr. Mayberry. He points out that the estimate of profits upon the total barrelage of the two businesses to be amalgamated is quite untrustworthy, and consequently the conclusions based upon it are of no value. In Mr. Mayberry's opinion, nothing short of complete reconstruction can save that portion of the £5,500,000 capital of the company not already lost. The expenses of general management last year amounted to £186,609, £9,000 was paid in pensions, and there was other expenditure which must be largely reduced if the company is to live. Mr. Mayberry suggests the formation of an assets company, which would take over the whole of the unproductive investments, and liquidate them to the best advantage; while that portion which is either paying its way, or earning a profit, would form a new Allsopps Company with an adjusted capital in keeping therewith. If the shareholders are well advised they will adopt some such scheme as that sketched in Mr. Mayberry's report.

NEW ISSUES.

There is one thing about the HIGHLAND AND THE LOWLANDS PARA RUBBER COMPANY which may be commended: It does not deal in fanciful estimates of the profit of the yield from young rubber trees. The yield of dry rubber is taken at half a pound per tree at seven years' age, and one pound per tree at eight years' age which is not an unreasonable estimate. But the price asked for the properties to be sold is very high. However, the vendors have more to sell than most of the rubber concerns recently put upon the market, and we are not surprised to learn that the issue has been considerably over-subscribed. We observe that Sir Frank Swettenham is chairman of the company, and we would say about his acceptance of this position much what we have said about the similar action of other ex-Governors. Not long ago Sir Frank Swettenham was Governor of the Straits Settlements, and it seems very undesirable that an ex-official just released from high office, and presumably expecting further employment of a similar responsible kind, should sponsor speculative joint-stock companies like the HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS PARA RUBBER COMPANY, however promising they may be.

The Ceylon Company of Pearl Fisheries, Limited.

Sir J. JARDINE: May I ask if the Under Secretary is aware that the shares are selling at a premium of one thousand per cent.?

Mr. CHURCHILL: Yes, sir; I am aware of it.

We do not like the NEW ABYSSINIAN AGREEMENT. There was no need to recognise the Jibuti railway as French, though as a matter of fact it is not very important. But it was foolish to agree that no competing line shall be constructed from the coast to Addis Ababa. The only chance of a commercially successful line is between Berbera and Harrar. Moreover, the French are not to be trusted with a monopoly of the strategic entrance to the land of the Negus.

Important developments are expected shortly in connection with West African Railways, in the direction of reduced rates. As they stand, they leave much to be desired, from the business point of view.

INQUIRIES.

JAPANESE BONDS.—ANXIOUS (West Bromwich).—You are, of course, aware that trustees are limited by statute to certain securities. (See the Trustee Act 1893.) Japanese 4½ per cent. bonds give interest not easily got elsewhere with equal security.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—J. G. B. (Kilbeggan).—We agree that the prospects are excellent, but as to the quotation going to 220 — that is another matter.

VALUE OF CERTIFICATE.—H. L. (Liverpool).—We fear the certificate is of no value. The concern is defunct.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—SEA (Bridlington).—The shares exist. Your mistake was in taking the advice of the bucket shop and buying them. It is fairly safe to sell when a bucket shop advises you to buy; but even then you cannot eliminate risk. If you can get a purchaser for the shares let him have them. They are of no value; but you may come across somebody who thinks differently.

SUNDRY SHARES.—E. A. W. (Bewdley).—We cannot congratulate you upon your selection. The lot would be dear at five shillings.

SPIERS AND POND.—SHAREHOLDER (Brixton).—Sell, and cut the loss. If the present board is got rid of, and capable business men put in their place, the concern may be pulled round, but at best it will be a tough job, and meantime the quotation is more likely to go worse than better.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—BRUM. (Birmingham).—The Trust has been doing business for many years, and we know nothing against it.

A BOND COMPANY.—S. S. (Tranmere).—On the face of it, the system seems unsound, and we should be surprised if at the end of the period named you get the promised results.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—BONDHOLDER (Streatham).—In its earlier days the Association met with much criticism, but this criticism has not been justified by experience. The Association is financially very strong, and is admirably managed.

THE SERVIAN SHUFFLE.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"—2 Kings ix. 31.

Like many other amiable innocents, his Majesty's Ministers are frequently fooled. That is one of the penalties of good intentions. But surely some Consul or permanent secretary should have saved them from the ignominious catastrophe which has now overtaken them at Belgrade.

In England we have at least a tender national conscience. This is sometimes exploited for financial or revolutionary purposes by Armenian dynamiters, Greek renegades, Bulgar brigands, Cretan liars, and other fantastic persons, wrongly struggling to be free. But a national conscience is a rare asset, a proof of humanity, and not to be discouraged even when it induces blunders. Too great a heart is better than too long a head.

When a brave young King and his beautiful Queen were slaughtered and mutilated by a handful of drunken officers, three years ago, the Chancelleries of Europe thought only of the advantages or disadvantages which a change of dynasty brought to their game. Austrian and Russian plenipotentiaries vied with red-handed murderers in honouring the new ruler. Only in England was popular horror expressed; only the British Minister was recalled.

For three years diplomatic relations have been suspended between this country and Servia as a mild mark of displeasure with barbarous butchers. Meanwhile, the criminals have been rewarded with posts of honour and profit; they have continued to terrorise men of good-will, exiling, fining, casting foes into prison. Printing presses have been broken up, friends of the old dynasty have been fired upon in coffee houses, officers who did not acclaim the new state of things have been subjected to incessant persecution, the simplest citizens have not been secure. It has been an evil time for respecters of the Sixth Commandment.

But it has not been altogether a halcyon period for the party in power. The Servian people never approved of the murders, and have remained sullen under oppression. They were profoundly grateful to Great Britain for her demonstration; they were encouraged thereby to persevere and to hope. So long as we refused to renew relations, the rulers of the country were in an irregular position, and Austria took advantage of it to embarrass, to intrigue, to interfere. Trade was dislocated, concessions were extorted, treaties were imposed. Invasion or insurrection became imminent alternatives. Unless the British Foreign Office gave way, Peter and the regicides would never be safe. But the Foreign Office demanded the removal of the regicides, and the regicides were the sole prop of Peter's throne.

At last, after one of the usual farcical elections, M. Pashich, a cat's-paw of the regicides, came into power. He is a type of the professional politician—vain, ignorant, unscrupulous, an expert in low diplomatic cunning. His methods would scarcely avail to deceive a single tyro in Servia, but he had no difficulty in humbugging his Majesty's Ministers. They were induced to withdraw their demands for the punishment of the regicides, and to be content with their removal, so that the new envoy to Belgrade need run no risk of encountering them. General Gruich, the previous Premier, had promised to exile the regicides, but that is not now required. Sir Edward Grey was satisfied by an assurance that some of them should be pensioned.

Let us see how this assurance has been carried into effect. The following proclamation has been issued:—

"We, Peter I., by the grace of God (!!!) and the will of the People (???), King of Servia, at the instance of Our Minister of War and by the advice of our Council of Ministers, have resolved and do decree:

"(1) That Colonel Mashin, Chief of the Staff; Colonel Damnian Popovich, of the Engineers; Lieut.-Colonels Peter Mishich and Luka Lazarevich, of the Infantry; and Major Ljubomir Kostich, of the Infantry, shall be placed on the retired list at their own request, according to the terms of Art. 22 of the Army Regulations.

"(2) That, in recognition of the readiness with which they placed their resignations at the disposal of the Government, they shall, in accordance with Art. 77 of the Law of civil officials, be awarded pensions to the amount of their full pay.

"Our Ministers of War and Finance will execute this decree.

"(Signed). PETER, 16/29 May, 1906.

From this it will be seen that four regicides, and one officer (Popovich), who did not take part in the actual murders, are thanked for their kindness in consenting to retire on full pay. Meanwhile at least thirty-two officers, who broke into the palace, and a large number of whom actually shot and mutilated their sovereigns, still occupy important positions in the Army. Two indeed have just been rewarded with appointments as aides-de-camp to Peter.

Yet Sir Edward Grey is perfectly satisfied that justice has been done. Lest he should have forgotten the circumstances of the murders, I append a few extracts from evidence which was taken at the time.

"In the palace garden I met an officer who was on service in the palace on the memorable night. I asked him whether he could give us details of the death of the King and Queen. He replied, 'Certainly, that I can, because I myself had an active part in it. My name is Vojislav Neshich. I am an adjutant, and was attached to the palace guard on the night of June 10. . . I took part in putting the King and Queen to death, accompanying my comrades into the bedroom, and then into a narrow little apartment serving as the Queen's wardrobe. We were terribly excited and hardly knew how we killed the two. What I do recollect is that, when we discovered them, we drew our sabres and hewed off the fingers of the King and Queen. The King had only a thumb left; I don't know how many fingers were cut off the Queen's hands."

"The executioners" (says another version) "stabbed the helpless lady as she lay on the ground, some of them insulting her body by obscene gestures with their swords."

"The bodies of the King and Queen were thrown out of a window, and lay for two hours in the garden. According to one story, the King remained alive for a long time, writhing in agony."

It is with wild beasts of this kind that the new British Minister will be expected to associate at Peter's palace. A Servian paper says that a bodyguard of these miscreants will turn out to accompany our representative from the station to the Legation. Loyal Servians are in despair, for they consider that England has betrayed them.

Sir Edward Grey has been hoodwinked and fooled. Is it too much to require of him that he shall make a few further inquiries before carrying out his present intention and acquiescing in one of the most barbarous crimes in history?

THE WOODEN HEADS OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JUNR.

And what of the Navy?—the British Navy? The very words ring true. Surely the Navy is in first-rate fighting trim, fit to go anywhere and do anything—a perfect weapon. The handy-man will save us again as he saved Ladysmith; he is, if we believe our newspapers, without a peer in the world—the popular hero! But popular verdicts, as we have lately seen, are prone to be mistaken. The crowd is apt to make heroes out of initials, for instance, and in other childish ways to show itself an untrustworthy judge.

Proved Incompetence.

Besides, every now and then something happens like this stranding of the "Montagu" on Lundy Island, which shakes one's belief in the competency of our sea-captains just as completely as the crossing and re-crossing of the Tugela discovered the incapacity of our leaders on land. Think of it. Here is one of our best battleships sent to Lundy Island, a place on our own coasts, as well-known as any place can be; the weather is fine, the sea calm, the time early summer, and yet, in a slight sea-fog, this splendid battleship is driven on shore, a million of money thrown away, and 750 lives endangered. And here is the most important part of the whole story: "everyone on board," according to the report in the "Times," believed that the ship had run ashore somewhere else, ten or twelve miles away—"everyone on board." The catastrophe proves incompetence almost beyond conception; the captain and officers knew where they set out for, they knew the vessel's rate of speed; they ought to have known the tides, and yet they are ten or twelve miles out of their reckoning—"everyone on board." The thing would be incredible were it not true. And the exposure was wilful, the catastrophe gratuitous. The captain could have anchored had he had the faintest doubt as to his position; but he had none, it seems—no doubt whatever, and "everyone on board" was like him!

The British Armada.

We spend enough on the Navy, at all events; a little while ago we were told that we should be prepared to meet a coalition against us of the two strongest Powers; and now we spend on the Navy, chiefly in material, more than the next three Powers, and get more for our money than they do, we are assured. Nevertheless, we are not quietly confident, though we know that allied forces, especially on sea, are never anything like so strong as they appear; the fighting strength not one half the paper strength, one would swear. And yet the big battleships, which our teachers are always crying for, do not completely reassure us. In the back of our consciousness is perhaps the inarticulate instinct that big ships are poor things to trust to—that armadas have been overthrown—that's it. An armada is England's ideal of a navy in the twentieth century—an armada, that shows how far we have travelled, and how much we have forgotten since 1588.

Small Ships the Best.

Of all the captains who were playing bowls on the Hoe when the news of the Spanish Armada was brought to Plymouth, one only seems to have been certain of the issue: Francis Drake insisted on finishing the game. And yet Drake knew better than any of his companions how small our ships were and how badly furnished, without proper food or sufficient powder. "Let us finish our game, gentlemen," he said, without fanfaronade or fear. What was the foundation of his assurance? He did not reckon then on fireships or tempests—the luck that pursues the Conqueror; no, he saw, we may be sure, three or four cockle-shells round each big Spanish ship: quick-moving, agile swordfish killing the heavy whale. Drake knew that on the uncertain sea three or four small ships well handled were more than a match for any Santa Anna in the world; he knew, too, we may be sure, that a big ship conquered would cause the hearts of that side to shrink and tremble, and hearts on this to glow and expand with the sense of imminent triumph; while the loss of a little ship would pass unnoticed; he knew that little ships were better than big ones for many reasons; he knew, above all, that it is men who win battles, not ships.

But before we consider this last point, let us ask ourselves whether circumstances have changed since Drake's time, invalidating his reasoning, whether there is anything to be said to-day in favour of large ships as against small ones. Of course, we know the common arguments of the dock-yard constructor, that the bigger ship is more efficient than the small one, a steadier gun platform, and so forth; but all these and other arguments absolutely disappear in view of the fact that one torpedo will send the biggest ship to the bottom. Drake had no such terrible weapon to make the little agile British ships equal in offence to the monsters of the Armada, or the Spanish fleet would never have reached the Channel. And besides the torpedo to-day, launched from a distance, and therefore uncertain, we have the submarine boat, with a radius of attack of something like 70 miles, the submarine that can strike as heavily and far more easily than the battleship, and then vanish unharmed. And still we build armadas—battleships, unwieldy, slow, of 14,000 tons and 15,000 tons, monsters which cost a million and a quarter; death-traps for 800 men. Surely the deeds of our fathers and their experience should have saved us from this lunacy. At the present moment we have 60 or 70 battleships and a dozen or two submarines, instead of 500 slate-coloured wasps—speedy gun-carriages, so to speak—and a thousand submarines and torpedo-boats.

Our Commerce and its Needs.

Our sea-borne commerce is our life-blood; three out of every four steamers on the high seas fly the British flag, and in time of war expect protection. We shall have to protect them, not only from battleships massed in a fleet, but from speedy Alabamas, and for this work our present Navy is wholly unfit; we have too few ships to patrol the oceans.

The ideal fleet for Great Britain is a fleet of comparatively small vessels in which speed is the first factor, speed which allows you to attack when and how you please, and to avoid destruction or capture if you are outmatched. Let us have battleships if we must, but at least the battleships should be small. And in these small battleships armour-plating should be limited to a summary protection against quick-firing guns, for armour is worse than useless against a torpedo, and renders the ship clumsy besides. The buoyancy now wasted in armour should be spent in coal-bunkers. I believe it would be quite possible to design a battleship of 3,000 tons or 4,000 tons which would give a good account of itself even in a fight with our biggest monster of 15,000 tons, for the great guns of the monster are not going to hit once in fifty times in the hail of shells from the quick-firers, and the torpedo of the small battleship has a larger and steadier mark than the torpedo of the monster. But for the million and a quarter pounds sterling which the leviathan costs, we could have two small battleships such as I have described, besides half-a-dozen torpedo boats and submarines, and it is not a matter of opinion but a certainty that the small battleships and the torpedo-boats and submarines would quickly send the monster to the bottom.

We have been led into our present error through the experience of the immediate past, when one battleship was more than a match for two frigates; when, indeed, a battleship, properly handled, could only be beaten by a battleship throwing something like the same weight of metal. But this lesson must be unlearned now, when a torpedo-boat of 200 tons can send the biggest battleship to the bottom in a minute. And here comes the supreme argument in favour of small ships; they make better sailors, and it is the sailors and not the ships that win battles. Even now every man trained in a torpedo-catcher is worth two trained in a battleship. Of course, this argument may easily be pushed too far; but it is of primary importance, and almost ignored to-day by Admiralty constructors, and Sea Lords, and newspaper scouts.

The Lessons of the Russian-Jap War.

But it will be said that the results of the fighting between the Japanese and the Russians proved that gun-fire was all-important, while moving torpedoes were curiously ineffective. The fact stands, but the inference is wrong. First of all, the numerous torpedo-craft of the Russians never discharged a single torpedo. And, if the Japanese torpedoes were ineffective, we must remember that the Japs won easily enough with gun-fire at long ranges, and so seldom tried the torpedo. It is a tendency of men to use old and well-known weapons rather than new ones. But if the Japs had been out-matched with gun-fire, we should have learnt more of the torpedo and its value. One thing proved by the war was that a mine sinks a big ship like the Petropavlovski as quickly as a little one; another was that neither size nor armour-plating is much good: the modern armoured Rurik, of 10,900 tons, was beaten by the old and unarmoured Naniwa and Takachiho, whose combined displacement was only 7,350 tons. Even Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge admits that the lesson of the late war is that a ship should be "a weapon to be used with vigour," rather than a fort.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE THEATRES.

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

By Frank Harris.

"His House in Order," as all the world knows, is by Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, and it is being played at the St. James's Theatre by Mr. George Alexander, supported by (I believe that is the correct expression) Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Lyall Swete, and other actors and actresses. It has run now for a hundred or two hundred nights, and, judging by the crowded and enthusiastic house on the 2nd instant it may run for two hundred nights to come. It was praised on all hands by the critics when it was first produced as "a most able play by our greatest dramatist." It has the consecration of success and popular applause, so it may be worth our while to examine it a little, if perchance one may so come to any understanding of its extraordinary merits.

The Actors.

The acting seemed to me on the whole excellent. The principal performers, in any case, were at least up to the level of their parts: it goes without saying that Mr. George Alexander played Hilary Jesson excellently; he was now and then a little too much the schoolmaster, but that was in the part and should be counted unto him for faithfulness. The passionate outbursts he rendered splendidly. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part is, on the whole, a better one than Mr. George Alexander's—I mean it gives more opportunity for emotional acting—and I have never seen Miss Vanbrugh to such advantage; she is really a great actress, the only rival on the English stage to Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The other parts were adequately filled, though Herbert Waring seemed to me a little more wooden even than his part required, and the society drawl, or what passes for a society drawl in the middle classes, was fearfully exaggerated by Miss Beryl Faber and, indeed, by all the Ridgeley family.

The Play.

The play is called a comedy in four acts, and it is only fair to say that the idea of it is a genuine idea of drawing-room comedy. Mr. Filmer Jesson is a member of Parliament; his first wife was a Miss Annabel Ridgeley, a model of all the virtues, according to Mr. Jesson, and the whole of the Ridgeley family, that is, Sir Daniel Ridgeley, the father, Lady Ridgeley, the mother, Price Ridgeley, the son, and Geraldine Ridgeley, the daughter. Mr. Filmer Jesson, after the death of his first wife in a carriage accident, has married his little boy's governess, but finding her ill-regulated and a bad housekeeper, he has brought in Miss Geraldine Ridgeley to keep his house in order and to make up for his wife's deficiencies. In the Ridgeleys Mr. Pinero has evidently wished to criticise and hold up to ridicule the formalism, Grundyism, snobbishness, respectability, dulness, and insularity of the ordinary middle-class English family. Of course, the drawing is in caricature. There is never a redeeming trait of nature in Sir Daniel Ridgeley or Miss Ridgeley, and Price Ridgeley only shows that he is human when he out-'arrys 'Arry and plays brute and cad. But if the drawing is exaggerated to caricature, the colouring is laid on with a trowel. There never was such a family; the presentation is the presentation of low farce and not of comedy, for comedy demands some study of character, some touches of sympathetic human nature.

The first two acts seemed to me dull and long drawn-out. I got too much of the Ridgeleys and their coarse and boorish bullying of the unfortunate second wife of Mr. Filmer Jesson. But in the third act the second Mrs. Filmer Jesson (Miss Irene Vanbrugh) has her revenge handed to her. The little boy, her step-son, brings in the usual packet of letters, which shows that the sainted first wife through all the years of her married life had been carrying on an intrigue with Major Maurewarde excellently played, by the way, by Mr. Dawson Milward). Miss Irene Vanbrugh has now only to show the letters either to her husband or to the Ridgeley family in order to put her foot on the neck of her enemies. She does show them to Mr. Hilary Jesson, the brother of her husband, who has treated her with some consideration, and Mr. Hilary Jesson (Mr. George Alexander) reads out the incriminating passages, and then beseeches her to burn the letters. "Sacrifice is the chief thing in life," he says; and here we come to Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero's mind and temperament.

Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero's Mind.

How will Mr. Hilary Jesson persuade Mrs. Nina Jesson to forego her revenge and destroy the letters? There are many ways of trying this, and the most obvious way, of course, would be to say, "You see, my dear lady, it is difficult to hit the Ridgeleys without hitting your husband. If you tell the secret only to Miss Geraldine Ridgeley, your chief enemy, she must alter her conduct with so sharp a curve that it will become apparent to the others and to your husband, who will want to know the reason, and, above all, you cannot expose the first wife to anyone without injuring the innocent, the little boy, who is the child of the lover and not of your husband. Will you, to gratify your own private instincts of revenge, which, I admit, are excusable, and, indeed, very natural under the circumstances, but will you for this selfish gratification injure the innocent child, or will you let the dead past bury its dead? Will you play the big woman and live on the lines of the great traditions of womanhood, keeping the family together, and preventing disunion and scandal, or will you play the new woman and tear the whole fabric to pieces?"

Mr. Pinero, to one's astonishment, does not urge any of these reasons; he finds an extraordinary line of his own. What he says, shortly, is this, or rather what Mr. Hilary Jesson (Mr. George Alexander) says, as his mouthpiece:

"Think of the whole thing, my dear Nina," he says to the insulted woman; "the first Mrs. Jesson has the reputation of a saint, and yet she was for seven or eight years Maurewarde's mistress, her child was her lover's child, and she was on the point of leaving her husband and home and going off to the Continent with Maurewarde when she was killed. But was her life pleasant? No. Maurewarde speaks of it as a hell upon earth, and, of course, it was even a worse hell upon earth to the woman than the man. She has suffered enough in her adultery! And what prevented her leaving her home and going away with her lover? A carriage accident in which she was killed. No; the so-called accident was 'a direct interposition of Providence.'"

Now, this is, I think, the most extraordinary and brainless farrago of nonsense and blasphemy that I ever heard on any stage. Providence does not interfere, according to Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, to prevent adultery; Providence does not interfere to prevent the husband having another man's child foisted on him as his son; but the moment the guilty pair make up their minds to stop the deceit and face the punishment of their sin, Providence interposes and kills the more innocent of the two. This sort of Providence is a special manufacture of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, our most famous dramatist.

But consider to what heights this special interposition of Providence led. First of all, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who has played in an exquisitely sincere and telling way, has to pretend to be convinced by this nonsensical footle, and so falls from her status as a woman of emotion and brains to being a mere doll stuffed with sawdust, like the Ridgeley family. Mr. Hilary Jesson, however, gets the letters from her by his vile preaching, and he has no sooner got them than he gets Major Maurewarde in and tells him to leave the house, and, if you please, the country as well, to all of which Major Maurewarde consents without revolt, though he loves the little boy, his son. But why he should be exiled to the Continent, unless, indeed, Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero regards the Continent as the Ridgeleys do, as a sort of ill-favoured appendage to these Happy Islands of the Blest, one cannot imagine.

Still, the scene is a fine dramatic scene in the true British morality vein, taking no heed of the innocent child or his affection for his father or his father's affection for him.

Then Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero goes one better still, and Hilary Jesson shows the letters to the husband, his brother; he will have the second wife put in her true position as a good and noble woman, and the bad, bullying, brutal Ridgeleys shall be cleared out of the house. And this is done without the Ridgeleys learning anything of the truth. The sanctimonious formalists are turned out of the house still believing in their tin goddess, and no doubt regarding their defeat as a direct interposition of the Evil One. All this affords perhaps good opportunities for the actors to simulate emotion, but is futile-foolish to quite an extraordinary degree. For now again most plainly the innocent child and his future are sacrificed. His real father is taken away from him and banished the country, and his father by law is turned against him by the knowledge that the boy is not his, but the son of his wife's lover. This hideous and immoral ending was applauded by the audience.

A Logical Solution.

Of course, the whole play, from the discovery of the letters, should have been conducted according to reason and with some sympathy for the innocent as against the guilty. First of all, the dramatist would wish to protect the child and the knowledge of his birth from his father by law; secondly, we would all wish the Ridgeleys to be punished. We all sympathised with Miss Irene Vanbrugh in her desire to show the sister, Miss Geraldine Ridgeley, the proofs of her sainted sister's wickedness. The cad, Price Ridgeley, must, of

course, be told of it too, perhaps by Hilary Jesson, and this should give another effective stage-scene. The final scene, then, in the play would present itself thus: the Ridgeleys, when going away, would have to explain their defeat to Mr. Filmer Jesson, who could not bear to lose his perfect housekeeper; he would press Geraldine to stay, and press her for her reasons for going, perhaps find her out in contradictory answers and so get nearer and nearer to the truth that all the audience know—a scene of some suspense and befitting punishment for the bully and petty tyrant.

But no; it all ended as we have said, thanks to the merciful interposition of Providence, by means of the carriage accident and the still more ill-timed interposition of the devil, who saves the Ridgeleys from their deserved humiliation and shame.

I shall say but little of the language of the play; it is wooden and common and incorrect; statements are always "allegations"; "to replace," Mr. Pinero thinks, is the same as "to take the place of," and so forth. Mr. Pinero has a real knowledge of stage effect, and for the rest he is on the intellectual level of the Ridgeleys, and of the audience who applauded the providential interpositions, and the ending of the play, which might be called "The Massacre of the Innocent."

F. H.

SUNDAY CLOSING AND LUNACY.

In the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons upon the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Bryce laid especial stress on the increase of lunacy as an argument in favour of the measure. Mr. Russell has always been regarded as a somewhat uncertain politician, but Mr. Bryce is the most distinguished student in the House. But in this case he has talked in a very different strain from that in which he would allow himself to write. His argument is based not on fact, but sentiment. The direct evidence against it is no less overwhelming than a broad survey of men and manners would lead the philosopher to expect.

Let us regard the Celtic temperament in our fellow-countrymen on our borders, in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Cornwall. In sprightliness of wit, in emotional susceptibility, in the eccentricity of genius they beat us. But they are inferior to us in judgment and dogged perseverance. "Unstable as water"! They are children.

The plea perpetually put forward on behalf of paternal legislation for the Celtic districts emphasises these traits in their character. What they are supposed to want is the firm hand of a benevolent despot. They are to be preserved from over-excitement. Drink excites them. Hence the desirability of Sunday closing, which protects them upon their holiday from the irresistible temptation to over-indulgence in drink.

But excitable children need to be preserved, not only from drink, but from themselves. And the absence of innocent recreation throws them back upon themselves for distraction and amusement. Under the ancient puritanical ideal of Sabbatarian observance Sunday in a boys' boarding school became the devil's hour. Play was prohibited, and Satan found the mischief he always finds for idle hands to do.

It has proved the same with Welsh Sunday Closing. This custom, which has been in practice for more than a generation, has deprived the people of Wales of their natural weekly holiday. What can be done in the direction of cycling, walking, driving, or other excursions in pursuit of pleasure when every house of refreshment is closed to the tired and thirsty traveller? Wales has been sacrificed to the debauchery of religious excitement on Sundays, as the only escape from a monotony of existence against which the Celtic temperament instinctively rebels. And with what result? Religious revivalism has been on the increase, and religious ecstasies are invariably accompanied by insurgent immorality.

Talk about insanity! Where in modern times will you equal the extravagances of the Welsh revival of 1905? The point upon which we insist is that these things occur in the districts where Sunday Closing has been longest in force.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

Democratic institutions seem to be exercising some influence, even in matters of literature. Fifty or sixty years ago, under the aristocratic *régime*, dozens of wretchedly bad books were turned out with here and there a masterpiece by Thackeray or Charles Reade or Dickens, or someone else to whom writing was an art. But now that democracy has come, and there has been a general levelling up, there are very few really bad books; all the valleys seem to have been filled in; but only at the cost of the heights. We have lost the mountains as well as the valleys, and the dead level of ordinary attainment is not consoling.

But, of course, it is necessary for us to have our great writers too, and if they will not be born, why we must all beat the big drum and try earnestly to make ourselves believe that the little writers are great ones and the small books masterpieces which will live for ever. Just a couple of examples.

"The Saint."

"The Saint," by Antonio Fogazarro (Hodder and Stoughton). Antonio Fogazarro is a sort of minor Italian poet and a very minor prose writer, who has written a novel making a Catholic monk a hero and saint, and, of course, Catholics the world over have run together with many shoutings, crying out that the book was a world's masterpiece, and that "The Saint" was a classic. Well, it is not. "The Saint" is ill-conceived and ill-written—a mere tract of the times—another of the books I have ventured to describe again and again in these columns as "half-baked." Not that it would not be possible to write a masterpiece about a Catholic monk; it would even be easy to a great writer, for Catholicism has the glory of nineteen centuries of recorded history about it, and still fills the hearts of myriads of men and women; is, indeed, a noble faith which has borne great fruits in poetry, art, and saintliness. But this book is no more like a great book than a sermon of the Reverend Father Vaughan is like a talk of St. Francis, or a Jeremiad of Savonarola. It is shrill, it is weak, and only W. L. Courtney could mistake it for anything more; and the man who translated it into English, and who, presumably, is responsible for the perky preface, is just as weak and shrill-voiced as Fogazarro. What a good name—Fogazarro! It sounds like one who would try to create a saint—and fail.

"The Face of Clay."

"The Face of Clay," by Horace Annesley Vachell (John Murray). This is another book which has been puffed and puffed till one might believe it a masterpiece. The "Daily Chronicle" has praised it—go to!—and so has the "Daily Telegraph," and the "Observer," under Lord Northcliffe, says, "it is one of the best kind of novels." Well, it is not a bad novel of a sort; it is prettily written and the Breton scenes are deftly touched in. It is interesting, too, and the living interest of the book is cleverly heightened by artistic interests, but the whole thing is faint and slight; the characters don't live: the men and women pass before one like ghosts and never cast a shadow. The tragedy is an imagined and not a real tragedy, and the book ends weakly. It may run to a second or third or fourth edition, for young-lady readers are numbered by the thousand, and it will enable them to pass a pleasant hour; but it is not in any sense a great book, and it has no chance of living ten years. Nevertheless, it is infinitely better than the much-belauded "Saint" of Fogazarro, and "The Saint" is better than "Suzanne," the next book which it was my hap to read.

"Suzanne."

"Suzanne," by Valentina Hawtrey (John Murray), is really an astonishing performance. The scene is laid in France, where Englishman and Burgundian and Frenchman are all fighting about Gravelines. But the author knows little or nothing about the time she has picked to write about, and local colour is as much to seek as historical accuracy. At first the bare simplicity of the style and a certain curtness in narration made me hope that I had come across a real book and a real writer. But, alas, the simplicity was the simplicity of a child's essay and the curtness was of poverty, and not the calculated economy of riches. The story, too, is feeble, and the only attempt at art in the book is the contrast between the grandmother and the weak mother.

The hero is a young ladies' hero, and makes one wonder what sort of creature a woman must be to fall in love with so irrational an ape. The emotion of the book is better and sincerer than the story or the writing, and that is something.

JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To Sir Edward Poynter, President, Royal Academy of Arts.

SIR,—

As President of the somewhat shop-soiled body known as the Royal Academy of Arts, you are doubtless interested, even if the interest be merely platonic, in what is said by other people regarding the administrative capacity and general utility of your brother academicians and yourself. You can therefore hardly have failed to notice the very rude remarks that sundry newspapers have passed on the composition of your annual summer exhibition, and, more particularly, on the amount of discrimination shown by yourself and your colleagues in the administration of the Chantrey Bequest. You will, too, have seen quite recently that a person named MacColl has been appointed by the Government to the keepership of the Tate Gallery—where the Chantrey pictures are housed—in preference to any one of your friends, within the Academy or outside it, who may have desired this easy, pleasant, and not non-lucrative post; and, if you cast your memory back, you will find that this MacColl was the originator of the latest campaign against the Chantrey Trustees, of whom you are one, and that he was therefore largely responsible for the House of Lords Commission of inquiry which, while politely upholding your integrity, made some disagreeable reflections on your judgment, and put forward certain recommendations for betterment which you have been put to some trouble to ignore. The appointment, therefore, of MacColl without reference to you cannot be an event in which you experience much satisfaction. You may, indeed, console yourself with the thought that the new keeper will be punished by having to live with the Chantrey pictures to which he entertains so strong a dislike; but any such consolation will be of the negative and melancholy sort. You will doubtless ignore the nomination, as you have ignored the Commission already referred to—but you must be conscious within yourself of its significance. It means that the Government which has hitherto been the most tractable instrument in your hands with regard to art matters is now disposed to seek advice elsewhere. It means that to recover that instrument you will have to do something more than entertain the Prime Minister once a year with cold soup and hot sherry. It means, in fact, that you must follow the historic advice of Miss Dombey, and make an effort. Think, my dear President! Is it not worth while to buck up? All is not lost. Rent-free premises at Burlington House and honour among picture dealers remain to you. His Gracious Majesty the King still issues his mandate for the hanging of pictorial libels on the Royal Family in your galleries. There are still many to whom, in art matters, the Academy's name is synonymous with the blessed word Authority. There are many more who, disliking the fatuous equanimity of your ways, would not abolish the Academy to put the New English Art Club or any other club in its place. Permit me to make a few general suggestions. Reduce the number of pictures in your summer exhibition by one-half. Don't encourage the trade in spurious old masters by making your winter exhibition a repository for anything that its owner likes to call authentic; the fact that you disclaim responsibility is not sufficient to prevent base use being made of your misguided hospitality. Hang none but good pictures on these occasions, and if you don't know a good picture when you see it—and you frequently don't—ask the opinion of someone who does. Have more than one private view day; have a second one for looking at the pictures. Extend the facilities for the Press. Abolish the annual banquet; the only purpose it serves is to bring out the latent egotism of your guests. Reform your schools; the multitude of counsellers involved by your antiquated and absurd system of teaching brings no wisdom to the student. Trust not to the mercy of Oblivion, as you have done hitherto with—I am bound to admit it—conspicuous success. You can't fool all the people all the time. Generally be less uppish. Try to be the premier body in British Art, but realise that things have changed since Sir Joshua Reynolds. You are now not the only pebble on the beach.

I address this counsel to you, sir, in your capacity as President, and as touching matters with which the Royal Academy is intimately concerned. It is not my intention to enlarge upon these matters; this has already been done by a censorious, and, as you would say, an ignorant Press. I merely desire to remind you of them as a preamble to advice of a more direct—possibly more personal—nature, which I propose to offer firstly to yourself and later on to those of your brother academicians who seem worth the trouble. But in regard to yourself, sir, I feel that advice must be circumscribed. Briefly, as to your art: Were you on the threshold of a career, instead of past the point where the road divides, I could advise you to follow the decent, painstaking architectural calling to which you are fitted by heritage and instinct, to design shops instead of sea nymphs, to draw bungalows instead of beatitudes, to study concrete instead of classics, and to avoid all things pertaining to and all that demands the emotions that you cannot supply, and, without them, cannot hope to touch the emotions. But as matters are what they are, I forbear to dwell on the what-might-have-been. I can only counsel you not to set too much store by such qualities as you possess. They say you are a good draughtsman. Do not believe that you are exceptional in that respect. Sir, there are boys in Chelsea who can beat you at that game. You are not a good draughtsman. You are merely an accurate one, which is a different thing altogether. Your drawing is a cold, emotionless art, devoid of the soul which in the really great masters brings response from the soul. However, this, though regrettable, does not greatly matter. Fortune has pitchforked you into a position where striking abilities of the pencil or brush, whatever respect they may command, are not a *sine quâ non*. It is in your power, even now, to make up for artistic deficiencies by personal qualities of head and heart. Look to it, Sir President. Be wise in your intellect and kindly in your wisdom. Emulate the golden courtesy of your great predecessors, Leighton and Millais. You will best serve the Academy by being civil to those outside it. Don't be petulant in your newspaper correspondence. Don't look bored at the Academy soirées. Don't paint more than you can possibly help.—Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BULL.

"HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!"

From JOHN BULL.

"HER HOUSE IN ORDER."

Bishop Bull: NOW, CHILDREN, YOU MUST PUT THOSE PLAYTHINGS AWAY. IT'S TIME I PUT THE HOUSE IN ORDER!

BARNI:
A TALE OF DEAD MEN.
(Concluded.)

By Mayo O'Blake.

"Ah!" sighed Barni, in a cadence that might have signified the pleasure of flattery or the futility of regret.

What really passed in his mind at that instant was the reflection that the fluent, versatile, vain and unballasted creature before him was short-handing his very words with the deliberate intention of using them—for which express purpose he, knowing his man, had compiled them with Señor Timotheo.

"Then?"

"Thin, says you, in that fine broad manner which there's no bating, says you; 'I advise you to lave this place in pace and quiet; I advise you; I entreat you; I command you!' On that there'll be cheering galore, and cries of 'Urbino, aboo!' and all that; with a little tapping of the hids of thim as isn't forward enough, or hangs back, or is wanting in spontaneous enthusiasm for you. Then says you: 'Follow me, every man who truly loves ould Ecumea; and the recreant knave who won't do that——' You needn't be at the throuble of finishing that sintence, for a thousand mouths, at the laste, will do't for ye."

"Good, good," murmured the Señor.

"There'll be cries of 'Down with Disunion!' 'Follow The Urbino, our natural lador!' and more to the loike intint; and a man wid a flag will jump up besoide your dhriver, and another wid a bugle and a sash, on the outside of a horse, will head the procession, and away the lot will swing—carried, moved, pushed, shepherded by horse and foot, and wid laughs, yells, shticks, bands, conveyances, and other loively imblims of public spirit and defiance and rejoicing and protesting for the rights o' the people——"

"Ah, but, Barni—where—where?"

"To a place within—mark ye—within the town boundaries, where the Constab—the Gendarmerie, I mane—have dhivil a word to say, for the town has its own poliss, and I'll see the mating isn't interfared wid. For it's only one united mating there'll be—and you in the chair of it. Aha!"

The Señor breathed short and gripped Barni's hand.

"Now, sorr, I've had pity on your impatience, but we must get back to hard business, for it's not the half we've done yet. I've got here your resolutions, all cut and dhry, which you'll put to the sound of a bugle, and which will be carried with unanimous dhilirium—even if the sod's to be boggy with the rid blud of them as isn't complashent and agreeable. Here they are, sorr. You needn't bother about rading them now—but ye'll do mighty well not to alther a wurrud. I've raysons for telling ye, moind that now—good raysons, bedad! as you'll, maybe, see in a minute or two."

Señor Urbino just glanced at the papers which Barni handed to him with an air of great importance, and his quick intellect promptly grasped the free reach and comprehensiveness of the measures so skilfully prepared. He expressed appreciation and promised compliance.

"Before we go to the next item—and, begorra! it's to my thinking, the most vitial of the lot—I want you to put your fisht—your hand-write, I do be maning—to this paper here."

"Why, Barni!" exclaimed Señor Urbino, in surprise and displeasure. "Are you mad—or do you think I am? Five hundred a year to you—ten years' engagement—private organising adviser—purchase and absorption of your business, lists, registers, plants, agencies and organisation for six thousand eight hundred—oh, this is too much! Sheer lunacy!"

"H'm! thought you'd take it that way, at first starting," coolly answered Barni, mixing himself another steep grog. "And I'm glad to see it. It shows, what I knew all the toime, that ye've a hid on ye, and a dhivil of a lot in it, begorra! But"—his tone changed to one of stern decision—"it's got to be done. What!" he turned angrily, almost quarrelsomely, "I lift you to the power, influence, and—and—control of resources of an uncrowned king, and ye haggle over some paltry hundreds——"

"You've got fifteen hundred——"

"Aye—to be shpent for ye, and more besoides. And ye'll get every blighted scudo of it back, I'll go bail; and the double of it. Don't be afther trying to trate me as a hairless suckling, bedad! or I'll give another shuffle to the pack and dale out afresh—for it's Barni Boyla houlds the carrads and the thrumps and the whole of the gory game, by the pow'rs! And don't ye go and make any mishtake about that same, now, clever as ye are."

He was fierce, rude, truculent—of deliberate calculation.

"But, but," stammered the pale Señor, "where's the money to come from? And how is it to be covered up to prevent disclosure?"

Barni relaxed; he even laughed.

"Oh, get away wid ye," he replied. "Sure, isn't there the S.S. fund—that's the Saycret Service—of the one Lague, and the S.S. fund—that's the Special and Sundries—of the other, that nobody knows anything about except the inner committee—and Barni Boyla?"

"You! You—know—those funds——" Señor Urbino rose from his chair, stupefied, and haggard of a sudden almost to ghastliness.

"I do," slowly said Barni, looking him straight in the eyes, "every fraction that's there now or was at any time; and every peseta drawn out for woild justices and provoked lawlessness, and the loike—'outrages,' the brutal Goths do be calling 'em—and other purposes—mostly, counsels' fees to some committeemen for services never giv'n nor wanted, and for buying shares in newspapers which become the private property of others. Ha! and for buying up no-go rubbish of papers started to be bought up out of thim funds, and—"

"Barni, hold your tongue this instant. Here—here's your paper signed. Now, let's get on."

"What did I say? Señor Urbino, you have the biggest brains out; you are the livest man in all this green and glorious island of—Ecumea. Now—short and sharp. Here's letthers all ready for your signature, dated next Sunday, instructing Messrs. Kinni and Douni the attornies, to give the necessary laygal notishes to the various banks that the new Lague has taken over the ould uns, and they're not to let go a single blissid scudo until they get fresh directions; and to make applications to the Coorts first think on Monday for injunctions and interlocutions and restrainers, and all sorts of thimloike dodges."

"Yes; very good, Barni. I've signed them."

"Right. Now, certify this copy of thim resolutions. So. And these two——"

"What are they?"

"Orders to take and hould possession of the offices and premises, and all books, papers, funds, assets, and so on, and so on, belonging to the two Lagues——"

"Barni, you fairly moidher me, with all these bewildering arrangements. Sure, I'm beginning to think that you're a sort of Napoleon Bonaparte that's been masquerading as a humble, ignorant bill-poster and elaborated advance-agent. I—I'm suspecting that, after all, it's you that's the Master, and that we're only the puppets of which you pull the strings."

"Aha! You've found that out, have you? It's a wholesome dishcovery for ye, any way," said Barni to himself, darkly; but he lifted a smiling and wheedling face as he replied: "Arrah, now, and sure it's joking you are! What! Me—an ignoble, low-minded thafe of an omadhoun, born in a gutther and bred on a kerb-stone, and shtriving to turn and save an honest peseta or two! And you, sorr, wid the foinest moind and the biggest imagination, and the noblest carriage, and the sublimest eloquence and pathriotism—och! it's not in the same atmosphare—or hemisphare, is it?—that I'd ought to be at all, at all, by rights, bedad and begorra! Whoy"—he stood up and seemed devoured by excited admiration—"whoy, Tim—that's Señor Timotheo Rili, M.A., and a lot more—he says, says he, there's nothing grander in the haythin clashics than that withering, scalding, elevating spache o' yours, where you denounced the vile and selfish coercion in a foreign garb which had the shameless insolence to resist your native compulsion of your own flesh and blood. Ah, it was foine, by the howly! And Tim should be a judge, if any man is."

"And, oh," he continued to himself, as he sat down again and momentarily mollified his quenchless thirst; "you're a mole and a bat and a whole stricken blind asylum, and a

paycock for pride, and an ape for mischief, and a fox for cunning, and a jackal for maneness and greed. And it's you as is for patting me on the back, as if I was a dog at your heel; and you condeshinding to approve and encourage and pathronise! May the fiery ould Nick scorch ye through the tearing, howling ages, bad cess t' ye! But not yet awhoile—oh, not yet; for you've got to be Barni's collector for many a shekel o' silver and more than a talent o' gould, aha!"

Barni had picked up some smatterings of expression, and he had a memory as quick as a camera and as relentless as a steel vice.

"Ah," said Señor Urbino, "Tim is a great scholar—a genuine, profound scholar, and a man of enlightened and accomplished mind."

"And," Barni added inwardly, "you're a moighty consaited, sarpenty, flighty-hidded, selfish wind-bag and schamer—hungry and flashy and impident—and I could put you, and half-a-dozen like ye, into me poipe or me pocket at any toime, if I wanted to; and I've got ye in the bend o' me fisht, ye smoiling, snarling, ranting bag of wurruds and shams and showman's tricks. And you pathronise me! Gehenna t' y'r sowl!"

"Barni," said Señor Urbino, "come into Parl——the Legislature; be an Empay—a Deputy, I mean. I'll manage it easily for you."

There was an undertone of benevolent pomposity in this invitation, and not a little of a trap.

"Thank ye, sorr," laughed Barni. "But—d'ye think I'm a fool—a Gothic shimpleton, a starving reporter, a benoighted idjot? But—maybe, I'll think bether o' the notion some day. Is it me that's going into the crowd o' thim kept corner-bhoys?"

"No, no; I didn't think of it that way."

"And I'd be thremendously inconvanient to thim that's on the upper storey beyond there, for they know that I know all that they know—and lashings besoides. No, no. At laste, not yet awhoile, wid all the thanks o' the whole harrut of me for the offer, all the same. And now, let's get back—"

"Ah, yes," cut in the Señor, not sorry to get away from the quick exposure of his little design, which was big with cunning possibilities of advantage to himself.

"Well, thin, your special train will wait to take messengers and messages back to Dob—Cascadia, I mane. D'ye see, now? There's no telegraphs on Sundays, you are aware. I've my own pigeon post, besoides. I'll have twenty or thirty shtout men slipped into each o' the Lague's offices—it's the whole big house each has got—in the cool of the quiet Sunday evening. They'll be provisioned wid shticks and other arrums and missiles, and ating and dhrinking for a wake, or a siege. They'll saze the houses back and front, and bottle up the caretakers so they'll make neither sound nor sign, and they'll skin or scalp, or flay or slay the staff as they saunter in whistling and unsuspecting to wurruk on Monday, till ivry kay of ivry lock, and ivry scrap and stiver is in our hands. Now I come to think of it—let me be the one to take possession." (The cunning fellow had kept a blank in the authorising document.) "Bedad and begorra, and by the howly! There's not the man or men, in uniform or out of it, will dare for to run up against the rough side o' me, whin I put me back up and me fut down. Settle it at that, Señor Urbino."

He did, and was very glad to have this powerful co-operation in so essential a matter as the forcible seizure of somebody else's funds.

"And," continued Barni, "here's the duplicates of all the papers which you're to take wid ye so that, if possible, ye may get 'em countersigned by others of your naming—secretaries, knuckles of council——"

"Nucleus, you mean——"

"Arrah, now, and where's the diff'rince? Sure, it's knuckles I said. Ye'd do well to name Jacomo and Patsio as joint secretaries *pro tem.*, and get three councilmen—to your liking, that is—of each Lague, as the knuckles of your new Grand Council, and heave into thim papers all the signatures ye can shtick on, so as to look complate and formal. It's no great matther if ye can't manage it—but it's best if ye can. There will be Tim—Señor Timotheo Rili, you know—at your elbow, and others besoide; and the locomotive will have stame up to start at his bidding and arrive within three hours. You might, or might not, be able to come away yerself. Best not thry—far best. You'll have lots to do; the legislators and candidates, and editors and prastes and pathriots, and pensioners and adventurers, and backbiters, and your wurrust inimies as will lick your boot-blacking as if it was honey—the whole blashted hungry crew will be round ye, and afther ye—almost through windies and down chimlies, and under beds. Ye can't, and ye shouldn't lave for another day or so. You'd best find the rough and illaygal work here done, and your triumphal procession arranged, from the station to the Lague hidquarters. I'll see to that—bands and banners, enthusiasm and demonstrations, and general parades, and yellings, and all the rest of it—like a grand old conqueror coming back wid captives and treasures and glory galore, by the howly!"

* * * * *

It all worked out as so deftly planned. Señor Urbino was on a pinnacle of detested and distrusted popularity—intriguing on every side, in the midst of a hundred other mean and hypocritical intrigues; surrounded by sycophants who plotted against him: feeding traitors, and fooling supporters.

But he was acclaimed throughout Ecumea, and was the idol of the poor—who paid to support his ambition and state, and starved and shouted whilst they rolled their poor but cheerful coins into his treasuries.

For, when prosperity assails the island, and grievances are few and feeble, it is always easy and effective to rake up the sins of the centuries, the ashes and aches of the ages, and the legendary wrongs of the rancorous past; and—presto!—indignant hearts throb passionately, and super-heated bad language leaps from outraged lips, and enrolments and subscriptions flow merrily in once more.

Señor Barni Boyla took his ease and grew fatter and redder and richer. He was, perhaps, the most bashful and powerful man in Ecumea.

He regularly drew his consulting income from the League.

He also drew a like revenue from the Citadel—and earned it.

THE END.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

"The Heathen J.C." (with apologies to Bret Harte).

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for projects insane,
The wily J.C. is peculiar;
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Chamberlain is his name,
And I shall not deny
That I trusted that same
In the time that's gone by,
For his speeches were greasy and cunning—
And a monocle sat in his eye.

'Twas a few years ago—
I've forgotten the date—
When he made a big show,
And I thought him quite straight,
For he promised the poor Old Age Pensions;
But I see now, 'twas only a bait.

So we put him in power;
And no more did we hear
From then to this hour
Of those pensions so dear.
But he fooled with the poor British Public
In a way that was certainly queer.

And the tricks that were played
By that Heathen J. C.!
And the war that he made
Was quite awful to see.
And now he is hawking Protection,
Which has just about finished poor me.

So I look at my friends,
And they gaze upon me;
And I rise with a sigh,
To say, "Can this be?
"He's employing some cheap Chinese labour.
"We won't vote for no Heathen Chince."

Which is why I remark
(And my language is plain)
That for ways that are dark,
And promises vain,
The wily J. C. is peculiar;
Which the same I shall always maintain.

F. W. T.

SHAMS.

ADVERTISEMENT FRAUDS.

By Anti-Humbug.

1.—D. H. Davis, *alias* W. D. Davis & Co., 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, and G. H. Davis, *alias* D. Davis, *alias* E. Davis, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

For a considerable time past we have had our attention drawn to the frauds perpetrated upon a gullible public by means of catch-penny advertisements, and we propose from time to time to deal with some of them in this column. Our readers will materially assist us by forwarding any announcements which appear to them of a suspicious character, and their *bona fides* will be inquired into by us, on our sole responsibility.

The person or persons who trade as cheap-jack jewellers, at 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, and at 284, Brixton Road, are at the present moment, and have for some time past been, flooding the cheap Press with advertisements, the contents of which are absolutely fraudulent. As will be seen from the specimens which we reproduce, they offer to the public what they allege to be special bargains, by means of a "Pawnbroker's Clearance Sale." One of the most extraordinary features about this sale is that it appears never to come to an end, for we remember having seen the same or similar advertisements emanating from the same people daily for months, if not for years, past.

We reproduce in parallel columns from the *Weekly Dispatch* and *Lloyd's* of 24th, and from the *Daily Mirror* of 25th June, the latest advertisements issued by these people. We have rearranged the order of the articles offered, so that the reader may appreciate at a glance the first point which we desire to make.

Now, what would these advertisements lead one to believe? That G. H. Davis, D. Davis, and E. Davis, all pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, and W. D. Davis & Co. and D. H. Davis, all pawnbrokers, of 26, Denmark Hill, were, at each address, holding a pawnbroker's clearance sale, and had at both places the same articles, being unredeemed pledges, for sale as bargains.

What is the true state of affairs? Upon visiting 284, Brixton Road, we found the name over the shop to be S. H. Davis & Co., and dozens of specimens of each of the articles above-mentioned exposed for sale, ticketed "as advertised." Upon visiting 26, Denmark Hill, we found the name over the shop to be J. A. Davis & Co., and the exact duplicates of the articles shown at 284, Brixton Road, in the windows, also offered for sale "as advertised." Indeed, a courteous assistant at each place offered to supply us with any quantity of 18-carat gold-cased chronograph stop-watches "as advertised" for 10s. 6d., and the other articles by the dozen or gross.

We do not pretend to be experts in jewellery, but we know enough to recognise shoddy Brummagem goods when we see them. And we say that not one of the articles shown to us at either of the above places is worth one-half of what is asked for it, and that not one comes from a pawnbroker's clearance sale, each article being absolutely new, as it left the manufacturers of this kind of shoddy goods.

In other words, the "Pawnbroker's Clearance Sale" is a sham, the goods offered are shams, as are the names gracing the advertisements we have quoted. We trust that after this exposure the announcements of Davis (under whatever initial) emanating from either 26, Denmark Hill, or 284, Brixton Road, will disappear from the columns of our contemporaries. In any event, none of our readers are likely to be imposed upon by this swindle, the victims of which are unfortunately almost entirely confined to the working classes.

From "LLOYD'S."	From "WEEKLY DESPATCH."	From "WEEKLY DESPATCH."	From "LLOYD'S."	From "THE DAILY MIRROR."
PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE. FULL LIST OF 800 BARGAINS. Post Free. OLD JEWELLERY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.—G. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 284, Brixton Road, London.			**PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.** FULL LIST OF 800 BARGAINS Post-free. Old Jewellery Taken in Exchange.—D. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark-hill, London.	
GENT.'S WATCH, ALBERT, and SEAL. 10/6 —Magnificent 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch; jewelled movement; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; great bargain; also 18-carat Gold filled Double Curb Albert; seal attached (stamped); guaranteed 15 years' wear.—10s. 6d. the 3. Approval willingly.—G. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 284, Brixton-rd., London, S.W.	A BARGAIN. — 10s. 6d. — Gent.'s 18-carat gold-cased chronograph stop watch, jewelled movement; perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold-filled double curb albert, handsome seal attached, stamped, and guaranteed 25 years' wear; three together, 10s. 6d., great bargain; approval before payment.	PAWNBROKERS' Clearance Sale.—Full List of 800 Bargains Post Free. 10S. 6d.—Gent.'s 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled double Curb Albert, Seal attached; 3 together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.	**GENT.'S WATCH, ALBERT, and SEAL.** 10/6 — 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch; Jewelled movement; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat Gold (stamped) filled Double Curb Albert; seal attached; guaranteed 15 years' wear; great sacrifice, 10s. 6d. the 3. Approval willingly before payment.—D. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark-hill, London.	PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.—Full List Free 10/6 — GENT.'S 18-carat gold-cased. Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled double Curb Albert, seal attached, guaranteed 25 years' wear; 3 together, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.
FIELD, RACE, or MARINE GLASS. 10/6 — Powerful Military Binocular; fitted 10 achromatic lenses and eye-shades, 45 miles' range, wide field; in leather sling case, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly. — G. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 284, Brixton-road, London, S.W.	A BARGAIN. — 10s. 6d. — Field, race, or marine glass, powerful military binocular, great bargain; as supplied to our soldiers when in South Africa; 45 miles' range; 10 lenses; wide field; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.	10S. 6d. — Field, Race, or Marine Glass, very valuable military binocular, as supplied to our soldiers when in South Africa; 45 miles' range 10 achromatic crystal lenses; wide field; saddler-made case; great sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly before payment.	**FIELD, RACE, or MARINE GLASS.** 10/6 — Very Valuable Military Binocular as supplied to our soldiers when in South Africa, 45 miles' range, 10 achromatic crystal lenses, well-finished saddler-made case. Great sacrifice—10s. 6d. Approval willingly before payment.—D. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark-hill, London.	10/6 — FIELD, Race, or Marine Glass; valuable military binocular, as supplied to our officers when in South Africa; 45 miles' range; 10 achromatic lenses; saddler-made case; 10s. 6d.; approval before payment. — B. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 284, Brixton-road, London.
WATCH GUARD OR NECK CHAIN. 7/6 — Lady's genuine 18-carat Gold (stamped) filled; exceedingly beautiful pattern; another, heavier, in velvet case, 9s. 6d. Approval before payment.—G. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 284, Brixton-road, London, S.W.	A BARGAIN. — 7s. 6d. — Handsome long neck chain, genuine 18-carat gold filled (stamped); choice design; another, heavier, extra long; handsome case; reduced to 9s. 6d.; approval before payment.			
	A BARGAIN. — 7s. 9d. — Lady's 18-carat gold-cased keyless watch; jewelled movement; exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long watch guard, 18-carat gold-filled (stamped and guaranteed 16 years' wear); West End design; two together, 7s. 9d., great bargain; approval before payment. FULL LIST of 800 special bargains post free.—W. D. Davis, Pawnbroker, 284, Brixton-rd., London, S.W.	7S. 9d.—Lady's 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant West End design; 2 together, sacrifice, 7s. 9d.; approval before payment.—W. D. DAVIS & CO., Pawnbrokers, 26, Denmark-hill, Camberwell, London.	

SHADY SOLICITORS.

By JIM CROW.

It is a pity that the Law Society does not bestir itself more actively to protect the public against shady solicitors. A generation ago, despite a certain amount of chaff about the dishonesty of the profession, confidence in its members remained general. They were almost universally accepted as business references, and even allowed to handle the securities or monies of their clients. Now no tradesman will accept their recommendations without close scrutiny, lest they should be partners in some long firm. Indeed, a solicitor's reference is often worse than no reference at all. If they have any regard for the status of their profession, the authorities of the Law Society will take prompt steps to cleanse the Augean stable.

Absconding Attorneys.

A newspaper can scarcely be opened without learning that some attorney has absconded with the securities of clients. While company promoters, mining experts, bucket-shop keepers, and other members of the light-fingered fraternity rob their thousands, fraudulent solicitors ruin their tens of thousands. And whereas the city thief preys upon fools who are greedy of gain, the gentleman by Act of Parliament victimises the innocent, the poor, and the confiding. His clients have not even the doubtful advantage of a gamble. They would shudder at more than three per cent.; they hug themselves in the false security of a low rate, and preen themselves on their prudence. Meanwhile, their trusted agents gamble and lose, or merely confiscate and travel. One fine morning the victims are confronted by bailiffs, or bankruptcy, or the workhouse. There is no redress, no comfort, no commiseration.

Usury.

The Law Society has decreed that solicitors may not be commission agents. Such a practice would be unworthy of an honourable profession! There might be a chance that the client would win. But solicitors may lend money at cent. per cent. Provided they are registered moneylenders, there is nothing to prevent them from taking advantage of the necessitous. JOHN BULL has already printed a word for the honest usurer. But the profession of the law does not always induce honesty. Here is a case in point. A friend of mine laid his difficulties before a solicitor, who expressed the usual sympathy. "You are in a bad way," said he; "we must put our heads together and see what we can do. Try to find someone who will back a bill for you." My friend thought and found. A bill was backed for £200. The solicitor took it, and promised salvation. A few days later he said, "Your friend is no good. No one will look at his signature." "Very well, give me back the document." "Dear me, I don't know where I have put it. Never mind, I will look it up and post it on to you." So it was said, and so it was not done. The client heard nothing more until the bill came due, when his friend was sued for the whole amount though nothing had been received on account.

Confiscation on Account.

Another friend of mine was being pestered by a judgment creditor. He obtained an introduction to a firm of solicitors. They gladly took the matter in hand. After a few days they telegraphed for £25 to adjust matters. The money was sent by a telegraphic order. They reported that it had not been accepted. The client asked for its return. They replied that they would hold it in satisfaction of future costs. After considerable pressure, he contrived to extort a return of a portion in driblets, but he was left to fight his creditor with diminished resources. He is still soliciting his bill of costs.

Costs.

I think some new scheme should be devised for the remuneration of solicitors. At present they often depend upon procrastination for a living. Every letter, every telegram, every desultory conversation means an addition of 3s. 4d. or 6s. 8d. to their incomes, and, unless their practice is large enough to assure independence, they would require great self-denial to spare their clients. Indeed, many sharp people take the bull by the horns when they want their business to go through speedily, and say to their lawyer, "Agree to a fee. We will pay you anything within reason if you will hurry matters through; only don't waste time building up a bill of costs." This procedure answers sometimes, but not always.

Treachery.

It is difficult to know where you stand, even with the most reputable firms. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that you are a creditor. You menace writs, you clamour for your pound of flesh. If it suits his book, your solicitor will proceed to every sort of barbarous extremity; he will blackmail by threatening executions and bankruptcy notices, he will bounce and harry and worry. But if your adversary is sharp he will set a solicitor to catch your solicitor, profuse offers of costs will be made and accepted, while you are left to whistle for your money.

Blackmail.

But if he be poor or unsophisticated, you will be egged on to the utmost rigour of the law. The one and only idea of a solicitor trying to recover money is to levy blackmail. If you or I were to approach a creditor and tell him that, unless he paid up, we should expose him to his neighbours, we should, very properly, be locked up as piratical scoundrels. But our solicitor can do this, and more also, with impunity. He begins by informing his victim that, unless the whole amount *and costs* (not yet incurred) are paid forthwith he will issue a summons. Now, there are many people who shrink quite as much from a summons as you or I do from an insult. They would pay any unauthorised demand in order to avoid it. Others know the futility of that attack, but become alarmed if they are invited to show cause why they should not be locked up, or be examined as to their means, or to avoid acts of bankruptcy.

But those who have gone through the treadmill know the futility of such threats. The rod in pickle for them is an execution. It may be perfectly well known to their persecutors that they have nothing at home, or that everything belongs to the wife. No matter. The visit of a bailiff will be an annoyance, may destroy credit; at any rate, will irritate and annoy. The victim may come to terms when he is thus put to the question. At any rate, he will be bled. When he is at breakfast, or when he is entertaining friends at dinner, he will receive a visit from two gentlemen who have orders to remain. If he be at his last insolvent gasp, he will make them welcome, play cards for the possession money, or train the interloper to wait at table. If he be well-to-do and willing to pay at his convenience, he will offer bribes, hang about the neighbourhood to satisfy and gratify the interloper, agree to anything in order to avoid exposure. He knows he runs no risk, but the blackmailer's agent must be satisfied. If the worst comes to the worst, the property of some innocent person is seized or held pending the issue of an interpleader. There have been cases when poor, honest people have been sold up in default of security for incredible claims.

To sum up, the well-to-do debtor can always escape trouble. The poor wretch is robbed, even of that which he hath not.

Honest solicitors exist, and they are the salt of the earth, but their reputation suffers from the action of their less scrupulous brethren.

I appeal to the Law Society, and, if I do not obtain satisfaction, I shall clamour for the creation of a new Law Society, which shall be no respecter of persons.

THE PETROLITE LAMP.

A lamp which burns no wick and carries no free oil, and moreover defies accident by fire, seems almost too good to be true, but the new invention, known as the "Petrolite" Lamp has accomplished these ideals. This lamp deserves our warmest encomiums for its simplicity, and must appeal to all who are interested in safe and efficient lighting. Fancy a fifty-candle power light burning for seven or eight hours at a cost of one penny! The "Petrolite" lamp is incandescent. The mantle is suspended over a specially-constructed burner. This burner is connected with a tube which runs through a perforated block of absorbent stone which is saturated with a certain quantity of petrol. The vapour from this petrol is drawn through the tube by draught created by the movement of a simple lever, and mixing with the air in exact proportion, gives a hot Bunsen flame when a match is applied through an opening in the burner gallery. The flame is of a most brilliant incandescent description, and is regulated, just as gas is, by the movement of the lever. In the event of the lamp being upset the flame is immediately extinguished. The "Petrolite" lamp has been subjected to the severest tests, and has been awarded the "Keith" prize of the Royal Society and a certificate of merit from the Institute of Hygiene. Its safety has furthermore been conclusively demonstrated to and attested by the British Fire Preventative Society, while it has also been approved by the London County Council as an emergency light for theatres and other places of entertainment. Further particulars will be supplied on application to "Petrolite," Ltd., 106, York Road, Lambeth, S.E.

SEX AND SUFFRAGE.

A STUDY IN PSYCHOPATHIA SUFFRAGIUM.

One would be led to infer from current events that a changing of times and conditions has resulted in a newer and more progressive womanhood coming into existence. But the present propaganda on the part of the militant section of the suffragists is but an instance of history repeating itself. Times certainly change, and conditions are continually altering, but the aggressive personalities who are so strenuously endeavouring to inscribe their names on the scroll of martyrdom at the present time represent the same type of women who have figured as the stormy petrels of the social seas during all ages.

Whether women should vote: whether the generality of them want to: whether the world would be any better if universal adult suffrage existed, and the kindred questions which revolve around this subject, are considerations which will invite their own solution—each in its own way and time. But the psychological study of the militant members of the present aggressive campaign shows us a type of woman who is always with us ; one who will always succeed in creating diversions, but who will never make desirable history.

There are thousands of women throughout the country, who, on reading of the doings of the suffragists in their energetic campaign, will wonder why members of their sex could voluntarily embark on such a tempestuous course of action. On reading about some of their sisters brawling at political meetings and of being hustled forth kicking, biting, and shrieking, most women will naturally feel involuntary shudders suffusing their systems. The womanly woman finds it hard to reconcile a woman's personality with any such tactics, and could not conceive herself capable of generating one tithe of the interest and feeling which must be necessary to actuate women in making such "holy shows" of themselves. This brings us face to face with a phase of psychology but little understood.

The question of sex is generally considered to be governe by purely physiological considerations, but in reality the anatomical distinctions of sex are overshadowed by far more subtle conditions. However startling it may appear, the fact is in good evidence that there is no definite line of demarcation between a male and a female personality, and it is with the personality that we have to deal.

In all probability such a being as a perfect man or a perfect woman, from a psychical standpoint, does not exist ; some approach closer than others to an ideal standard, but never to perfection. To understand this, it must be realised that every cell in the human body has a definite sex distinctiveness, and such a condition as perfect cellular masculinity or perfect cellular femininity—throughout the whole body—in all probability has never yet been in evidence ; this is a recognised truth with all students of psycho-biology.

Where the psychical balance of the cellular constitution approaches a normal standard, we have a "manly man" or a "womanly woman" ; such people represent a type in whom the psychical complexion of the cells of the body have a dominating sex quality which corresponds with the general anatomical structure.

In the manly man: the fibres, tissues, and general functional arrangements represent a cellular disposition with a definitely masculine quality ; and in the womanly woman the cellular structure throughout represents an almost exclusively feminine characteristic. These are the two types of the human race which give the world its stability and make social happiness and psychical reciprocity a fundamental of evolution.

When the cellular complexion in a man is dominantly masculine, we have a captain of industry, a soldier, a statesman, and a leader of men: one who makes history, hews to the line of strong yet level-headed convictions, and caring little for the snarl of the proletariat. And when there is the normal psychical blend in the cellular constitution of a woman, we have the mother who rocks the world in the cradle of her love and blessedness.

But in our daily life we are continually rubbing shoulders with men and women who offer in their psychical constitutions a conflicting blend of characteristics. As regards anatomical structure and general sex distinctions, we may know such people as either "men" or "women," but in a thousand and one ways the psychopathist discerns the discord in the personality which indicates the submerged psychical abnormality.

When the cellular constitution of a man represents a psychical indistinctiveness, the personality betrays dispositions which indicate the latent feminine inclinations ; such a man finds it impossible to enter heart and soul into many of the manly grooves and wholely masculine pursuits, and exhibits tendencies to wander off into feminine tracks where his characteristics express a fuller affinity. He is apparently normal, and is so, as far as the general acceptation of the term is popularly considered ; but such a person lacks sex distinctiveness.

Where there is a dominating masculinity present in the cellular constitution of a woman, we have a type which will brook none of the confining conventionalisms which mark the domestic groove, but who will seek to take a strenuous hand in the brunt of material stress. She may be perfectly level-headed, and be possessed of those traits which constitute the qualifications for leadership ; but such inclinations are not the impulses of a true femininity, but the insistent demands for expression on the part of a strong undercurrent of masculine psychism.

Such a woman feels "cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined" in a domestic atmosphere, and yearns for the excitement of the firing line in life's battles.

The whole question of sexual affinity hinges upon this question. What we speak of as "true love" is an illustration of one person finding in another of the opposite sex those qualities which, when both become blended together, form a psychical unit. Thus the manly man finds his psychical complement in the womanly woman, and the womanly woman is attracted to the manly man as a magnet is attracted to the pole.

When there is a strong undercurrent of bi-sexuality present in a person, such an one finds an affinity in someone who is also abnormally balanced psychically ; so the man with distinctly effeminate characteristics finds his complement in the woman who possesses distinctly masculine dispositions: the one supplies what the other lacks.

We use the terms "psychical" and "sexuality" in their broadest psychological sense.

When a distinctively feminine woman reads of a sister going on the rampage at a political meeting, or of demonstrating in Trafalgar Square with an exuberance which rides rough shod over accepted codes of feminine deportment, she cannot enter into the actuating impulses. It could not be otherwise, for between the two types there is a greater psychical gulf than that which distinguishes man from woman in a general sense.

Shall women vote? There is only one logical answer. Let those who want the vote have it ; and when they get it, those who now appear in the van of the suffrage propaganda will be about the only ones who will ever exercise their suffrage with any enthusiasm.

Psychical constitutions cannot be changed by legislation.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

So many times have all the ancient jokes
  Been foisted on a patient set of readers,
That one might fancy comic poets folks
  Whose proper work was writing heavy leaders,
    Or for a fee
    Explaining le-
  Gal points in Courts of Law as special pleaders.

Now, this re-hashing having lasted long,
  I venture to propose some alterations,
And make him guilty of a legal wrong
  Who says a word about his wife's relations;
    To clap in pris-
    On him who is
  Henceforth found making motor-allegations.

The good old stories of the cyclist's woes;
  The townsman's troubles with his strip of garden;
The neighbour's fowls; the new-made wife who goes
  To learn to cook—her husband's lot to harden;
    The men in blue
    Who never do
  Their duty; these are jokes I will not pardon.

And I will tell a story really new,
  Which those who read shall chuckle as they light on,
Compared with which, if I may claim my due,
  All copied things are minnows to a Triton—
    . . . . .
    I'm not, to-day,
    Prepared to say
  What is the subject that I mean to write on!

A. W. B.

RAMBLES AND REFLECTIONS OF A LOAFER.

THE HUMOURS OF FREE LIBRARIES.

The Free Library is the Loafer's Home. To it he rambles, and there he fittingly commences his reflections. He marvels at the broad-minded, large-hearted philanthropy and munificence of such men as Andrew Carnegie and Passmore Edwards in ministering to the satisfaction of a species of human being so remote in character from the strenuous business type they represent. Not only have they erected, regardless of expense, palatial clubs to house during the day a leisured, unmoneyed, and unemployed, if not unemployable, class, but by insidious offers to bear or share the initial cost, they have induced the hard-working ratepayers to endow the asylums for these amiable and unprofitable creatures.

Enter a Public Library at any hour of the day, and you will probably find the news and magazine room full, the lending department alive, and the reference library empty. In the news room are, perhaps, during the dinner hour, a few sons of toil, who have snatched a moment's respite from their labours for the meritorious purpose of studying the politics of the hour. But the majority of the frequenters are in the room simply with the object of passing the time in a manner not entirely disagreeable.

No democratic institution has wriggled more askew from the intentions of its advocates than the Free Library. As to the denizens of the news rooms, even the poor wretches who come to sleep are the least superfluous; because they *may* be entitled to pity as victims of sudden unprovoked misfortune. The attendants turn a blind eye, if not a deaf ear, to the quasi-slumber of one who is not an habitué of the room. They seldom disturb him unless he snores, and then only wake him up with a warning word. But he is obliged to keep printed matter in front of him and pretend to be absorbed in reading it. He usually selects the new number of some journal or review in particular request.

In public libraries, as elsewhere, women have the best of it. They are given separate rooms or distinct tables, holding duplicate copies of the principal papers in addition to various periodicals devoted to their peculiar interests. Men are prohibited from entering their rooms or sitting at their tables. Men are not permitted to peruse the *Queen*, the *Gentlewoman*, or such like stimulating publications. But ladies may annex any of the men's possessions they desire. In fact, when women condescend to come to the library, which is seldom, they being naturally less lazy than men, they chiefly occupy themselves in obstructing the newspaper stands, common to both sexes, and in conveying the freshest periodicals into corners inaccessible to man.

Weekly illustrated papers and the illustrated light magazines are often worn, torn, and soiled before they have been long current, but the *Quarterly Review*, the *Fortnightly*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary*, *Saturday*, *Spectator*, etc., are at anybody's disposal from morning till night, and remain in as good condition as when issued from the press after the reading room has quite done with them.

On Saturdays and whenever a Royal procession or free show of any kind is in progress the magazine and news room is emptied of its ordinary occupants to such an extent that even the halfpenny papers and threepenny-halfpenny magazines may be secured at choice. This circumstance by itself reveals the character of the customary frequenters of the room. On Saturdays the non-working parasites are proverbially on the alert interviewing their more fortunate or more industrious fellows, while a show which may be witnessed without payment affords to the same class a pleasant change from the monotony of the reading room.

In the remoter suburbs, such as Streatham, Norwood, Brixton, Stoke Newington, etc., the middle class, who pay chiefly for the libraries in those localities, also use them, and the loafer is comparatively inconspicuous. The news-rooms and the little reference libraries scattered over the metropolis do not seem to meet any pressing want. As a ladder of instruction, an instrument of education, the Free Library has hitherto fallen short of its promise. One department of it, the lending library, is a success in the urgent task of providing innocuous recreation, and so far as extending the operations of the lending library is concerned Mr. Carnegie may be well advised in the policy of building many small branches in preference to a few large central libraries.

THE DEATH-TOLL AMONG THE INFANTS.

By Dr. Herbert Snow.

Thus a morning paper headed its report of Mr. John Burns' speech the other day—a speech which suggests some rather curious reflections. Most people would keep those reflections to themselves. Mrs. Grundy certainly will. I won't. A doctor ought to look at facts as they stand, and not at the wrappings and trappings with which that good lady has contrived to disguise them. The Right Honourable John tells us that 100,000 infant lives are needlessly sacrificed every year. That there are as many deaths in the first year of life as in the next 18. That in some districts from 30 to 60 per cent. of the children born die in less than five years. As a hospital doctor, of nearly thirty years' experience, I am quite prepared to accept these figures, which I should imagine rather under the mark than over. In my out-patient room such questions and answers as the following were of the commonest; were, in fact, the rule:—"How many children have you had Mrs. S.?"—"Ten." "And how many are now living? You say you are 35." "Oh, only two."

The Minister regards all this as a most pathetic and deplorable state of things. Pathetic, truly pathetic, it assuredly is. But are we really entitled to regard it as deplorable? Has the right honourable gentleman ever heard of Malthus? Of course he has; but everyone more or less conveniently forgets. And for a long time past it has been the fashion to keep Malthus in the background. But the philosopher, not unduly influenced by theological views, cannot lose sight of the significant fact he demonstrated, viz., that population tends to increase under modern conditions of living, in a much more rapid ratio than do the means of subsistence. True enough in his day, the axiom is surely far better warranted now. And in our cities and slums it becomes more acutely appreciable every year.

What would happen if this huge infant mortality did not occur? Well, Jethou, one of the Channel Islands, a small grassy lump near Guernsey, is colonised solely by rabbits, which, I believe, no man molests. They become very numerous, say 5,000, in a tiny islet, where there is grass enough for only 500. For a time they worry on. When all the grass or nearly all has been eaten, 50 survive, and the rest die off. So the process goes on *ad infinitum*.

Now, people don't multiply quite so fast as rabbits, and the world yet holds a good many waste or vacant places, so things with us are not quite so bad as at Jethou yet. But they are fast getting on in the same direction, in this tight little island, at any rate. And were the infant mortality to cease, they would advance much faster. Once upon a time there were incessant wars, famines, plagues. These were Nature's restrictions to population. Now wars have become casual and short, and pestilences are unknown—thanks, of course, to the wonderful progress of medical science, and phenomenal ability of doctors. As for famines, we have abolished them also for the time. But I fear that if the right honourable gentleman had his way, we should speedily have them back. Then the tinned meat trade would revive, that is one consolation. No. Sad and pathetic as it is, the deaths of these happy infants are far from an unmixed evil to society. Indeed, one may say that they are beneficial and useful to it, as at present constituted. That, of course, only shows what a miserable, artificial, faulty edifice our modern civilisation is. And it would be far wiser to search for means whereby it can be improved than for objects which *could* only make it infinitely worse.

The less twaddle we talk on such matters the better; and the more frankly we look facts in the face the more effectually shall we comprehend how to deal with them for the future benefit of the race. Once all men were soldiers, and as military units, fairly equal. Now *nous avons changé tout cela*. The small well-trained army easily vanquishes the big bungling battalions.

Quality, not quantity, is the ideal to be sought in population questions, as in most others. However ready we may, and must, all be to shed a sympathetic tear over these hapless babies, the verdict of practical men and women will be that their death was a sad and painful necessity under existing circumstances. Also that it would be infinitely preferable had they not been born.

LILIES.

Gather ye of lilies ten,
Sweetest flow'rs of all the lands;
Hold them for a space, and then,
Ye have held my dearest's hands.

Vera Canute.

BULL'S-EYES.

All entreaties on the part of the Governor of the Prison that Miss Billington should allow herself to be released having failed, he, as a last resource, assured her that JOHN BULL'S Biscuit was waiting for her at home. And she came out and took it.

This is how the *Weekly Dispatch* commences its report of an affiliation case:

> "Invited to come round and amuse his brother's fiancée with his gramophone, he was afterwards accused of being the father of her twins."

Surely this is the latest gramophone record.

In one of the lurid serials appearing in Lord Northcliffe's *Forget-me-not* just before "To be continued in our next," we read that the heroine having been brutally assaulted, is "ebbing out her life in short pants."

A jury has given Mr. Arthur Chamberlain £50 damages because somebody said that he was the brother of the ex-Colonial Secretary. Some think he deserved more.

At Armagh a little baby has died through eating lucifer matches, which had been left in the bedroom where he was sleeping. He wanted some *light* refreshment.

From the Referee:—

> LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus.
> "LA MILO."—VENUS REDIVIVUS!
> Lovers of pneumatic hips, tin calves, and papier-maché chests will find no satisfaction in "LA MILO'S" classical posings. "LA MILO" employs no such extraneous aids (?) to beauty, NATURE being her theatrical costumier.

Who said "Fig-leaves?"

Mr. John Burns asked at Manchester last week whether, "outside a menagerie or a lunatic asylum, such an economic blunder as Protection had ever been discussed." Rather rough on the House of Commons!

Somebody has been writing from the country that he has found a human finger in a tin of salmon. Yesterday one of our readers found a human hand in his pocket.

Father Vaughan says that the state of things existing amongst the Smart Set outrivals the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussauds. This has made Society "waxy."

It was rather appropriate that at the luncheon given to the German Editors they should have been received by Mr. Bite.

"*I have never tried* talking through a telephone," said Judge Lumley Smith, last week. That accounts for his good temper.

The Daily Mail's instalment of the invasion of 1910 for June 27 opens thus: "In Dalston and Kingsland we suffered heavily as well as in Pentonville and again in Marylebone." These Napoleonic young men do get into some queer places.

A duck over thirty years old is owned by a builder at Bugle. As green peas are now in season we would recommend that the duckling be sacrificed while still tender.

A valuable collection of English porcelain was knocked down at Christie's. How careless!

There has been an enormous consumption of Eno's Fruit Salt in the coffee-houses on the Puerta del Sol, the idea being that it was Consortena's favourite beverage.

From a Daily Mirror leader:—

> "'To sleep in the sun is a temptation that besets every*one* at times, whatever *their* walk in life may be. The people who resist it are the people who get to the top.'"

Evidently he are a sleep-walker, but how do he get to the top by resisting a walk? It is all very puzzling.

A bridge-playing couple lost a relative, and debated about burial or cremation. At last he said: "I leave it to you, dear." "Very well," she replied, with resignation, "let us make it spades."

A stage-manager is a hero to his ballet.

Listen to Dr. Reich: "The man who has had the most cuddling, the most kisses . . . that is the man who will make a great hero. The man who has not had all this will get tired of a battlefield in half-an-hour." All Reich!

Fritz Rumbelli, 29, Swiss outside porter at an hotel in Leicester Square, has been imprisoned for kicking a flower-girl in the stomach. This is very rum.

In Bavaria, apparently, legislators are paid 10s. a day not to legislate. If they are absent without leave they are paid; if permission to absent themselves is granted, no payment is made. It is a wonderful way of how not to do it.

From a recent law case: Plaintiff: "She is absolutely rolling in money." Judge: "How horribly uncomfortable!" It depends. If cheques or banknotes, it may be "but the crumpling of the roses," as it was in the case of Nora Creina.

In a recent action for debt, the defendant was asked 21 questions, and answered the lot in 42 words. Brevity is the soul of wit, and we congratulate him on his forty-twode. The Judge said: "It sounds like horse dealing." The defendant certainly bore himself with equineimity.

The earth is 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun in winter than it is in summer, but straw hats and Peekaboo blouses are not considered suitable at Christmas-time.

Railway companies in France are fined for every train ten minutes late. And yet, with this example set them, our Government cannot find money for old-age pensions!

A continental railway company ordered some labels "For ladies only." As received the labels read: "For single ladies" They were not used.

Five guineas is the price of a season ticket between Grimsby and Hamburg. You are not allowed to break the journey, even if you can swim.

A man charged at the police-court the other day with assault remarked that he had "served Satan for 29 years, but would serve him no longer—not another half-hour." We wonder whether the dispute arose over an increase of wages or a reduction of hours.

Now that we have a Spa in Old Kent Road we are informed that many Royal visitors are expected to take the waters there this season, instead of going to Marienbad.

The *Law Times*, this week, says that the Lord Chancellor's judgments are commendably short, and have never exceeded "half" a sheet of notepaper. Mr. Justice Grantham writes his on fool's-cap.

The policeman's life promises to become a happy one at last. Dr. Macnamara, M.P., told the Lords Committee on Juvenile Smoking, last week, that he would recommend that a policeman be allowed to take from any small boy he met smoking in the street, whatever the "smoke" consisted of. If this suggestion be adopted it may not be long before our peelers will be permitted to relieve any child of the dinner-beer it fetches for its parents. And then we shall all become policemen.

They gave "Eugene Onegin" at Covent Garden last Friday, but the male members of the audience still went out between the acts to negotiate the purchase of that dog.

Speaking in the Lower House of Convocation last week Canon Edwards praised Mr. Burns's contention for Sunday as a day of rest, and mentioned that once he said in conversation:—

> If it ever comes to defending Sunday as a day of rest, look to John Burns to pull his coat off and help you.

In fact, Honest John, in order to ensure that Sunday will be observed as a Day of Rest, is prepared to take off his coat and fight anyone who disturbs it. Sunday is the only day, by the way, when John is caught napping.

We were greatly surprised to find that *London Opinion* has this week increased its price from ½d. to 1d., until we found that on page 146 it quotes a "Bull's Eye" from our columns. That makes it worth all the money.

We read that the smell of soap made the men on board the "Haverford" appear drunk. Let's *soap* this excuse will not become general in the police courts. In fact, we don't think it will wash with our magistrates.

Why worry about pot-still whisky, when naphtha soap gives the same satisfaction?

Five pounds a week was what a Chelsea hawker yesterday declared in court that his round with a barrow selling vegetables was worth, while his wife could make £4 a week. Now we know what to do with our boys.

The strike of the East End bakers has come to an end. Their kneads were complied with.

At Leicester Assizes Isaac Swaby was sentenced to five years' penal, for attempting to murder a solicitor. Some may think that the sentence would have been a savage one even if he had succeeded. We believe it was Hook who, when asked to join a shilling subscription fund for the burial of a solicitor, wrote out a cheque for one guinea, remarking: "Here, bury twenty-one of 'em."

Kaffirs continue to rise on the Witwatersrand and to fall on the Stock Exchange.

G. B. S. regrets that literature cannot be turned out by 100 horse-power engines. Some so-called literature appears to owe its production to donkey-engines.

"*A mysterious millionaire*" is going round distributing money and goods to people who carry a certain publication. Hush! Don't let Carnegie hear. It would be a terrible affliction to have a free library handed to you.

To receive a pair of slippers from your fiancée is unlucky. It is certainly uncomfortable to receive the mitten; while presentation of a boot by a male relative is both.

Either the millionaire who sought advice from Mr. Chamberlain has gone to live at Finsbury Park, or that district is in need of Temperance advocacy, for we learn that no fewer than seventy two-shilling pieces have been found in a penny-in-the-slot machine at the railway station. This is more than staggering—it is florin'!

Railway companies seem strangely unawake to possibilities as regards overcrowding Why not dispense with the seats, and have a few more straps?

If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe whilst on her way to her new home, it signifies unhappiness to all her new relations. If she breaks it after marriage, only her husband has cause for grief, as a rule.

The Recorder of Leeds, in sentencing a tailor aged 62 to ten years' penal servitude, said that prisoner had been engaged in crime for 42 years, 37 of which he had spent in prison. We wonder what crimes Jordan got up to during his imprisonment?

We breathe once more. "*Lloyds*'" offer of The International Library has come to an end.

The following curious error appeared in the *Evening News* last Thursday:—

FLATS WANTED.

£50 required for two months; £10 for loan; security £100 deposited.

Dr. Adcock, the Faith Healer, carries about with him morphia tablets to cure his indigestion!

The following comes to us from Paris:—

> Corsisi Guattierro, an Italian dancing master, won a £40 wager by waltzing continuously for fourteen hours at the Tivoli Vauxhall yesterday.

Corsisi must have led them a fine dance.

An indignant priest drove out some of the women of his congregation because they came in openwork blouses, shouting: "Go home and take off those bathing suits; this is no bathing resort." The clergy are not infallible; they must have been in the Bishop's see after all.

It is most considerate of Messrs. Thomas Wallis and Co., Limited, the great Holborn Circus drapers to announce in their windows, side by side with the notices of their summer bargain sales:—

FUNERALS CONDUCTED BY EXPERIENCED MEN.

In a leading daily we read the other day an official notice beginning thus: "To the Liverymen of the Skinner's Company." We had no idea the butcher's calling was so unhealthy; we imagined the animals suffered most.

Seismatic disturbances are very prevalent just now. We have even heard of face eruptions.

With regard to the launching of H.M.S. Minotaur, it is interesting to note that this heaviest cruiser will also carry the heaviest crew, Sir!!

A Haywards Heath man, trying to dislodge swallows from nesting over his bedroom window, was suddenly attacked by a number of them, and had to beat a hasty retreat indoors. Snakes have had such an innings lately, and, after all, it's a bit of a change.

Mr. A. M. Mand-eville says that he has N "Everett" such an awful book as "Dr. Basil." Its publication was not "W'arren" ted under any circumstances.

We believe that by this time the Rev. S. Baring Gould is dead sick of being alive.

It was a good idea of the War Office to send matches by rail to Newhaven labelled "explosives." Notwithstanding all their care, however, the matches went off in the train.

The remnant of the Old Guard still lead the van in the Vanguard. Oh, the wild charge they made! What a charge, that petrol charge! Was it not a striking display?

To fatten thin arms, says a paper, rub them well with pure olive oil. Our procedure would be to size them well.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Gives

STRENGTH to the **WEAK,**

ENERGY to the **LANGUID**

COMFORT to the **Dyspeptic,**

and

INDIGESTION means torturing pain, intense weariness, wretched days and wakeful nights. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means shattered health and a broken constitution unless you root it out without delay. Mother Seigel's Syrup has no rival as a remedy for indigestion. Its reputation is based on thirty-five years' success in curing Indigestion, Biliousness and all disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys.

"Eleven years ago I suffered greatly from indigestion, which had been coming on slowly. All food, even the least, caused me pain; I had fainting fits, and my heart and stomach were oppressed with wind. If I exerted myself it made me gasp for breath. . . I tried many remedies for years, but nothing gave me relief until I used Mother Seigel's Syrup, about three years ago. That cured me completely."—Mrs. Emily Martin, 16, Riddle Street, Rochdale.

Good Digestion to All

The 2s. 6d. bottle contains three times as much as the 1s. 1½d. size.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT.

By P. O'T.

The French Chamber of Deputies has not a high reputation for order or dignity. At Westminster every new member, however bumptious he may have been outside, is awed by the majesty of the traditions, the semi-mediæval ceremonies, the venerable atmosphere of the House. At the Palais Bourbon, a deputy experiences nothing of the kind, and is quite as much at his ease as he would be in an ordinary theatre. At Westminster the members meet in a chapel, and their ceremonious bow to Mr. Speaker is a relic of the respect shown to the altar in Roman Catholic days. In the French Chamber the deputies lounge in semi-circular tiers, like students at a lecture. Facing them, the President sits at a desk, perched up aloft like a cherub; a sort of witness-box immediately below him accommodates each orator in turn; a number of secretaries and servants in livery sit or hover about near them. The only semblance of antiquity about the place is provided by two pieces of fine old tapestry behind the President's chair.

The Chamber is very sparsely filled with common-looking men, who loaf about, chatting or reading the papers. I notice that one of them is deeply engaged by a sporting print, and all through the debate I observe him directing his neighbour's attention to tips and weights for a handicap. A door opens, and a little procession of men arrives, heralded only by the scarcely audible exclamation of a servant: "Monsieur le Président!" No one rises or shows any sign of deference. He wears what we should call evening-dress, and I cannot help making a mental contrast between him and Mr. Speaker—with wig, cocked hat, and sword. The proceedings do not begin with prayers, and for fully fifteen minutes the President sits waiting somewhat wearily for members to come in. This they do slowly and unwillingly, like boys entering school, and none pay the faintest attention to the Chair. At last the President raps his desk with a paper-knife in true schoolmaster fashion and the proceedings begin.

For a long time the deputies give themselves up to conspicuous inattention. They rustle newspapers, they yawn, they gossip, and the buzz of their conversation often drowns the voice of the gentleman who is vainly trying to be eloquent in the loose-box. The President evidently considers it his duty to enforce attention, but he attempts this in a half-hearted way. Now and again he gives a sharp rat-tat-tat on his desk with the paper-knife. But his favourite palliative is to emit a long hushing sound at intervals. It cannot be a very agreeable, and it certainly is not a very dignified occupation in life, to sit in a chair with a paper-knife and hiss "Hush!" by the hour. I thought for a moment that he must employ some mechanical contrivance, or at any rate a secretary, to make this noise, but at last I discovered his lips moving, and made sure. Absolutely no notice was taken of his normal perfunctory hush, but when he made an extra effort there would be a lull for a few seconds.

In the House of Commons the ejaculations of members are restricted to a few simple phrases, but a French deputy calls out anything which comes into his head. When order is seriously disregarded, the President rings a bell; if he is utterly unable to assert his authority, he puts on his hat, and the sitting is suspended. During my visit to the Chamber the bell was not rung more than two or three times, and the President seemed to rely chiefly upon a coaxing, wheedling manner, as though he were really dealing with a parcel of restless schoolboys.

One of the subjects which arouse perennial interest with us is the question of the days and hours of a session. Until recently Parliament only sat for a few months of the year, and even now the idea of an autumn session is generally distasteful. But the French Chamber continues sitting for the greater part of the year, only allowing itself short holidays at Christmas and Easter, and a recess from July to September. On the other hand, their working day is a very short one, and might almost be envied by a pampered clerk in the Foreign Office. They nominally sit from ten to twelve, and again from two to four, but they never begin punctually, and they gladly welcome any excuse for curtailing a sitting.

As twelve o'clock approached—by the way, the clock on the (Radical) Left was appropriately five minutes in advance of that on the (Conservative) Right—a restless, hungry feeling manifested itself among the members. Whenever anyone rose to speak, or even if anyone interrupted, there were angry growls of impatience. The President seemed to share the general feeling, for he often expostulated, "Come now, gentlemen, we shall never get through with this Budget. Really, really, time is advancing; we have only a few more votes to pass, and then we shall be free." Even so, however, the debate lasted till 12.15, to the evident disgust of the great majority. The President then made the usual announcement that the sitting would be resumed at two, and there were loud cries of "Three!" from all parts of the House. The President looked like an indulgent schoolmaster who has been asked for a holiday; the cries of "Three!" were redoubled; he gave his consent with a smile.

Obstruction appears to be practically unknown in the Chamber, and certainly very little time is wasted in divisions. If the President can induce the members to agree, they settle a question by raising their hands. If, however, somebody insists on a division, he announces that the Ayes will vote with a blue ticket, the Noes with a white one, or vice-versa. Then in a twinkling a crowd of officials circulate among members' seats, holding out urns to receive the voting tickets. These are produced in packets from the desks, and a member may vote for all his friends as well as for himself. There is no ringing of division-bells, no hurrying in from the smoking-room or the dinner-tables, no solemn procession through the lobbies. It is all over in next to no time, and you may find, in a House containing less than fifty members, that over five hundred votes have been recorded.

Another important point is the freedom of the private member. As nearly all deputies are private members and the Government could not hope to last for a single hour without their support, it is necessary to pay some deference to their wishes. They possess the important privilege of claiming urgency for any pet scheme of their own. They do not often obtain a vote for urgency, but they can make speeches in asking for it, expound their views, and thereby please constituents. It is fair to add that the privilege is not abused, for they are content to make short speeches. Indeed, the long orations which we are accustomed to hear in the House of Commons would never be tolerated, even from a Minister, at the Palais Bourbon.

One more contrast, in conclusion. At Westminster ladies who may be interested in debates are only admitted on sufferance, and behind a grating. At the French Chamber there are excellent galleries for spectators, and the officials have orders to reserve the two front rows for ladies whenever a crowd is expected.

GOOD LORD!

The Journalistic "Juggernaut."

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Jockeys Failures as Tipsters.

Jockeys are proverbially bad tipsters, and this can easily be grasped, inasmuch as they really know nothing about anything that happened in a race except to their own mount. As a judge of form they are invariably completely at sea, often not even knowing the names of horses that are frequent competitors, for they rarely read the returns.

Stewards.

Captain "Wenty" Hope-Johnstone, steward at Lingfield this week-end, is an ideal man to be an acting official, for he has been an owner, practically a trainer, and the most capable of amateur jockeys. But, as in horsemanship, he is really too gentlemanly in asserting his practical opinion, and is therefore overridden by those who know less, but bet, and speaking through their pockets "talk him down."

Too Zealous.

The fault that Mr. Arthur Coventry has in regard to starting is brought about through his being over cautious. He invariably pays the greatest attention to and patience for horses that are obstreperous, watching them so that they are not left, and in consequence the wrongdoers, who are on the move, get best away, and others standing like sheep at the barrier begin slowly.

The Fatal Finish.

It is remarkable how circumstances play into the hands of the bookmakers. Invariably the last race on a programme, and particularly the final event of the week on a Saturday, results in a "turn up," as on Saturday at Alexandra Park. Usually, too, it is an odds on chance or raging favourite, upon which a great majority are going "for the gloves" that, like Miss Mimic, gets beaten.

Behind the Times.

It is an old cry against the racing rule regarding nominations as void owing to a man's death, but the more one looks at the common sense of the case, the more positively farcical does the law seem. The disqualification of Sceptre, for instance, for one of the £10,000 races which was at her mercy was a cruel hardship upon her new owner, Mr. W. Bass, for it is the horse and not the man that competes, and the expectation of her winning this stake was reckoned in her purchase price. There is no suggestion that it is not the same horse that was originally entered because it changes hands, purposely or of necessity.

Go on Figures Only.

A great many people, especially members of sporting clubs, deal with betting exactly as they would with Stock Exchange transactions—as a matter of business. They know, or want to know, nothing about form or a horse's chance, but merely follow the money when commissions are to be executed, in some of which they may have a hand themselves. Thus it is frequently the case that for a big race they have frequently backed seven or eight different horses as money came in for each. With the knowledge that in 99 cases out of 100 when horses are so backed by a stable their price subsequently closes down, they afterwards hedge off to stand to win something to nothing all round.

Rode Winners.

Apropos of Maher's three rides and three winners at Alexandra Park last Saturday, Sam Loates holds a better record of five victories out of six races at Birmingham in August, 1900, whilst T. Loates, both at Yarmouth on July 28, 1898, and previously at Windsor on May 2, 1896, won ALL the five races in which he rode. S. Chandley did similarly at Pontefract, and Sloan at the Newmarket October meeting, 1898. The best record, however, is the late Fred Archer's, as on August 5th, 1882, at Lewes, he rode six winners in six mounts, whilst he also scored five times during one afternoon at Chester and at Manchester in 1883, and at Windsor, Manchester, and Stockbridge in 1884. At Stockbridge the late George Fordham won six events and dead-heated in the seventh, but was beaten in the run off. Three years ago, at Windsor, J. E. Watts, then at his zenith of meteoric fame as a crack lightweight, won five races on the one day.

The Carbine Blood.

The true merit of that great Australasian thoroughbred, Carbine, in his thirty-three Cup and handicap successes has never been properly appreciated here—and "Old Jack," as he is termed, has not been given his proper chance as a sire. When Ernest Day, the present Royston trainer, brought the big horse over to England for the Duke of Portland eleven years ago, it was doubtless expected that breeders here would "rush" at him. They did not really know the horse, and none are more insular in prejudice or sheeplike in fads as to "fashion." Hence disappointment arose before Carbine was granted due acclimatisation time or opportunities. That the Carbines all stay and improve with age is already a Turf maxim; now that Spearmint has won a Derby and Grand Prix the tide will turn and everybody seek the staying blood. Values and renown are reflective, so that our old friend Wargrave—an Ebor and Cesarewitch winner, and hitherto Carbine's most popular progeny—at once becomes of much increased intrinsic worth, and the game, genuine horse may well leave the Turf he has graced for the stud with a suddenly opened vista of fame as a sire.

The Silver Grey Jacket.

The doctrine of Sir Ernest Cassel, who is quite out of luck this season, has always been to buy the best and breed the bluest. He has only been on the Turf—

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You wish, doubtless, for some substantial proof of such a statement. Here is a letter just received from Mr. Harcourt Coats, M.R.C.S.E., L.R.C.P. Lond., of Salisbury, which reads:—"I tried the Anturic Bath Salts in my own case of Acute Sciatica, and was much surprised at the relief it gave me.

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practically and slangingly speaking—"ten minutes." I remember the very first horse that ever carried the silver-grey light blue cap of the then Mr. Cassel (I think it was Toussaint) being tailed off in the Derby. Since then the Anglo-French sportsman has been knighted and become one of the proverbial Turf pillars, has his own palatial racing establishment and private residence at Newmarket, his own private trainer (W. Leader) and specially retained jockey (Halsey), whilst Hon. F. Lambton is manager of his horses. Some useful animals, especially handicap sprinters, have carried the colours and held their own, but no really big races have yet fallen to one of the most popular Jockey Club members.

The Rich May, the Poor Mustn't.

The latest deputation is one from the Bishops to the House to request the demolition of betting; bookmakers may shortly suggest what the Church services ought to be. But in view of the numerous attacks which have been so persistently levelled at our National sports by various parties of faddists, it has become necessary to form a permanent and substantial organisation for the purpose of repelling these attacks; and, whilst generally protecting the interests of sport, agitating for more favourable legislation in regard to it. The tremendous strength of the sporting vote of this country is perhaps its weakness; for hitherto it has been considered so large as to be practically impossible of organisation. The section of sportsmen who have founded the National Sporting League are differently minded, and the persecution which is threatened by Lord Davey's Street Betting Bill has made it obligatory on the part of the League to attempt to organise the sporting forces in those large towns in which the working classes would be, under the Bill, deprived of their only means of betting. The intolerance of the Anti-Betting Party has made it incumbent on the sporting community to fight with pertinacity so as to defeat the machinations of the enemy. The enormous powers already possessed by municipal authorities in respect to betting, and the persecuting powers proposed to be granted under Lord Davey's Bill, have made the formation of the National Sporting League imperative, and the Provisional Executive Committee are now appealing to those associated with the Turf to join forces with the League.

The Future.

We shall all gladly go to Lingfield at the week-end, and, although some of the stakes have not their customary mammoth entry, it will be a good meeting. Mayhap His Eminence can take an event, although certainly not what Beatty thought he was before—and even just after—the Derby.

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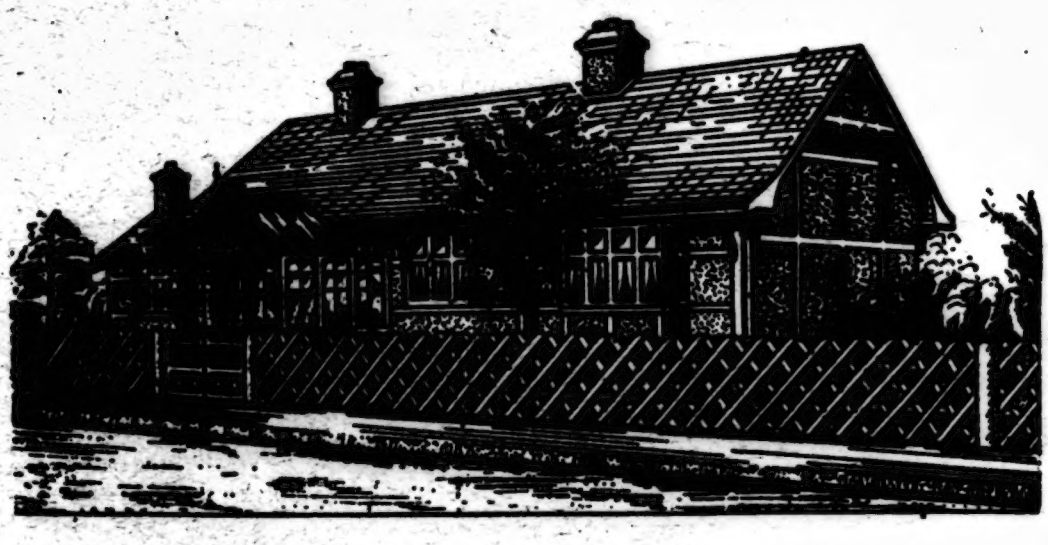

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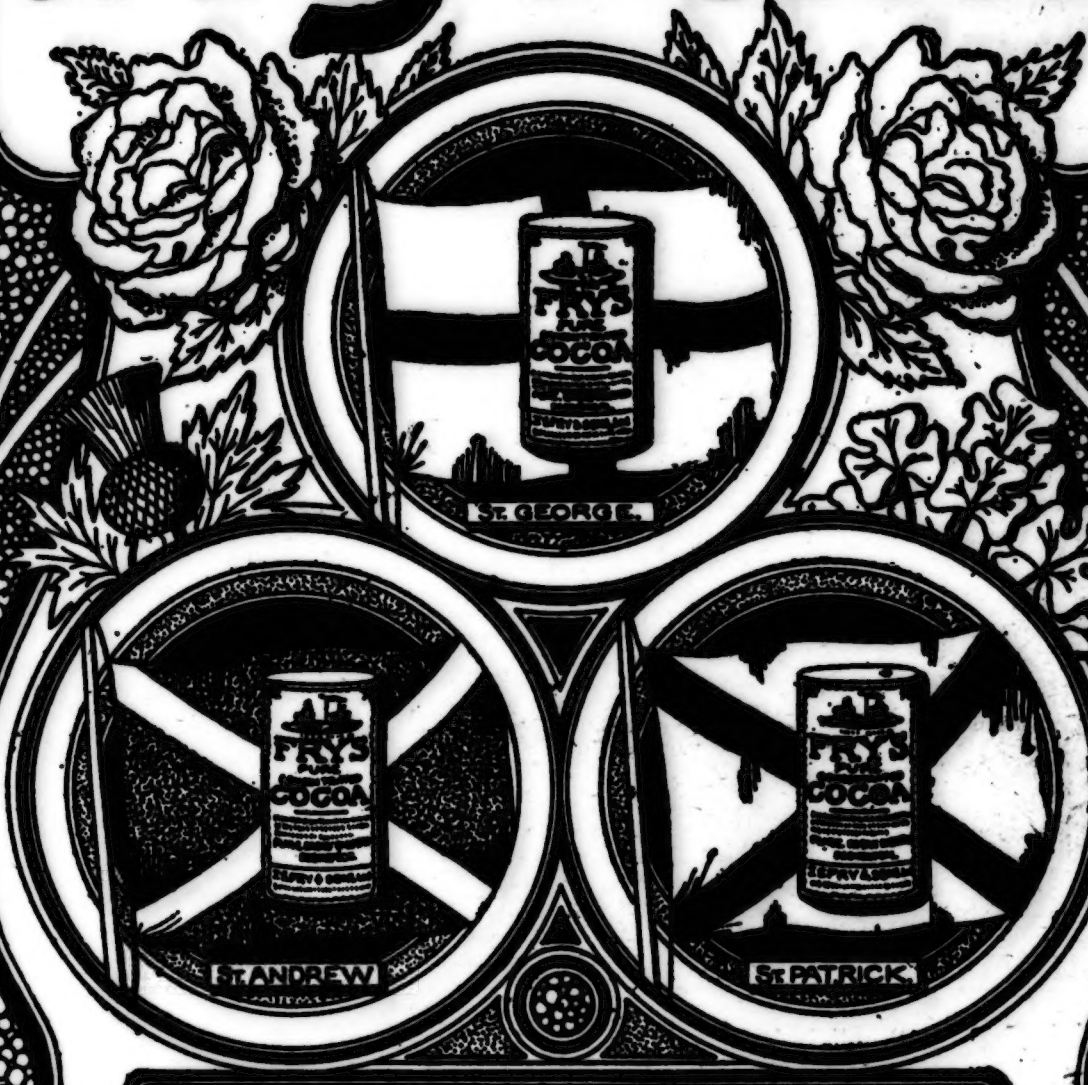

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